McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT WINS A COUPLE MORE

Defeated Eldred Tuesday and Port Allegany Friday.

LOST TO KANE YESTERDAY 15 TO 3

Port Allegany Awarded the Disputed Game—Home Talent Games and General Base Ball News.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Smethport	6	1	.857
Mt. Jewett	3	3	.500
Port Allegany	2	4	.333
Eldred	2	5	.286

KANE 15; SMETHPORT 3.

Smethport met defeat at the hands of the Kane professionals yesterday by a score of 15 to 3. The county seat boys did not put up the game of which they are capable. One of their runs was earned. As the MINER was not furnished a tabulated score only this brief mention of the game can be given.

SMETHPORT 17; ELDRED 0.

A fair sized crowd gathered at Kane Field Tuesday afternoon and saw the locals apply the whitewash in large gobs to the Eldred Angels. The visitors were late in arriving in Smethport and it was about four o'clock when the game was started. The Smethport line-up did not look very formidable but it was the goods, all right, all right, all right. The Eldred players are gentlemen and are favorites in Smethport.

With two Eldred men on bases in the first inning and one out Denning fanned the next two men. Daniels started the scoring for Smethport in the first. He was hit, took second on a passed ball, stole third and came home on an error.

Denning made the round trip in the second. In the third, a comedy of errors, backed up by two hits, added four more to the local string. Three bases on balls and two hits along with some weird work by the Angels was a combination that produced six runs in the fifth.

In the sixth Keefer made one right off the reel. He was the first man up and plastered the first one pitched for a home run. The ball sailed away over the center field fence—the first one over this season. This was the only earned run scored.

Smethport counted once in the seventh and three times in the eighth making the total 17.

Armstrong with one out, made a hit in the third, but was unable to get beyond first base, as the next two were easy outs. In the fourth Traynor got around to third on a hit and an error. Bernard also reached second in that inning, but sharp work prevented a score. In the ninth Jessup drew a pass to first and went to second on a passed ball. Slack drove a grounder to Tull, who made a bluff at throwing to first, but turned around and nipped Jessup's attempted steal of third by a good throw to McCabe. Bernard made a hit, but Tully fanned the next two and it was all off.

McCabe had another field day at third, several of his chances being very difficult. Ollie Esfry made his first appearance and it looks as though the second base problem was solved. Captain Tull pitched the last four innings and showed the boys that he had several tricks left over. The visitors' backs were lame from going after his floaters. For Eldred Llewellyn made a couple of star catches in left field and Danny Bernard played a good game at first.

The score follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	5	2	1	1	0	1
Tull, ss-p	5	1	2	0	3	0
Daniels, c	2	3	0	13	2	1
Keefer, 1st	3	3	1	8	0	1
McCabe, 3d	4	3	1	1	2	1
Denning, p-lf	4	2	2	0	1	0
King, lf-ss	4	2	2	0	0	0
Estry, 2d	5	0	2	1	2	1
Ramer, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
McClure, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	36	17	11	27	10	5
Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Armstrong, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Bevens, 2d-1st	4	0	1	6	1	3
Llewellyn, rf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Traynor, rf	4	0	1	0	0	1
Jessop, p	3	0	0	0	3	3
Slack, c	4	0	0	9	4	1
Bernard, 1st-2d	4	0	1	7	1	0
Owens, ss-3d	4	0	0	0	1	1
Denning, 3d-ss	4	0	0	1	0	3
Total	36	0	6	24	10	12

Smethport	1	1	4	0	6	1	1	3	*—17
Eldred	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Stolen bases—Tull, McCabe, Denning 2, King 3, Estry.
Struck out—by Denning 7, Tull 5, Jessup 9.
Bases on balls—off Tull 1, Jessup 7.
Passed balls—Daniels 3, Slack 2.
Hit by pitcher—Daniels, Keefer.
Wild pitch—Jessup.
Home run—Keefer.
Umpire—Backus.

SMETHPORT 16; PORT ALLEGANY 4.

The regular game scheduled was played Friday between Smethport and Port Allegany at the latter place and resulted in a victory for Smethport by a score of 16 to 4. Mr. Hockley of Emporium umpired the game in a satisfactory manner and everything was as quiet and orderly as a Republican national convention. Port seemed assured that they would be beaten, before the game started, and their work of the first few innings appeared lifeless compared to the ginger displayed by their opponents.

Smethport scored one in the second inning on two errors and a hit.

In the fourth, after McCabe had been retired, Scott to Studholme, Tom Young lambasted the ball for two bases. Stull followed with a single and Young scored the only earned run of the game. Stull stole second. Denning made first on Ainsboro's error. McClure popped a fly to Fulton, who threw wild to second and Stull scored. Denning taking third on the play. Andrews and Tull hit safely and Daniels drew a pass to first. With the bases full "Big Mike" Keefer swatted the pill hard enough to clean them and reach second on the hit himself. He scored a few minutes later on an error and McCabe's hit. Tom Young made his second appearance for the inning and was retired on a grounder to Fulton. Seven runs and seven hits was Smethport's share of this inning. Port made one in its half on Studholme reaching first on balls, stealing second and coming home on a passed ball and an error.

Port made two more in the sixth on two hits and two errors, and a bunch of errors gave them their last one in the seventh.

Stull and Denning counted in the seventh on the latter's hit and two errors. McCabe made the circuit in the eighth on a player's choice, steal and error. Smethport made five more in the ninth, four hits, two men hit by pitcher and a passed ball doing the business.

Although Smethport made eight errors they came in bunches as a general thing and few of them were disastrous. McCabe, Young and Denning deserve special mention for their all around good work. For Port Allegany Ainsboro was certainly the "candy kid" with his bat. He made four hits out of five times at bat, but did not score himself nor assist anyone else to score, which is hard luck.

The summary follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Tull, ss	6	2	2	0	3	2
Daniels, c	2	2	0	8	0	0
Keefer, 1st	4	2	2	18	0	3
McCabe, 3d	6	2	2	1	2	1
Young, rf	6	1	2	1	0	0
Stull, lf	5	3	1	0	0	0
Denning, p	5	3	3	0	5	0
McClure, 2d	4	0	0	0	0	2
Total	45	16	10	27	13	8
Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ainsbrow, 2d	5	0	4	2	5	3
Bowley, ss	5	0	0	1	2	1
Lemon, c	5	0	0	6	3	1
Scott, 3d	4	0	0	3	2	1
Studholme, 1st	3	2	1	10	1	0
Sherwood, lf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Rogan, cf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Lehman, rf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Fulton, p	4	1	0	2	2	1
Total	38	4	6	27	12	10

Smethport	0	1	0	7	0	0	2	1	5—16
Port Allegany	0	0	0	1	0	2	1	0	0— 4

Stolen bases—Andrews, Tull 2, Daniels, Keefer, McCabe, Stull 2, Denning; Ainsboro, Lemon, Studholme, Lehman.
Struck out—by Denning 5; Fulton 7.
Bases on balls—off Denning 1; Fulton 4.
Two base hits—Young, Keefer.
Passed balls—Daniels 1; Lemon 1.
Hit by pitcher—Keefer 2, Daniels.
Umpire—Hockley.

FROGS 8; CRABS 7.

The base ball aggregation of the Crab Club came down from their camp on Daly brook and tested titles with the famous Frogs at Kane field yesterday afternoon. The game was hotly contested from start to finish and at the end of the eighth inning the score stood 7 to 7. Recording Frog Redfield, who captained the team and presided on the rubber, seemed to realize that it was time to put a stop to the pranks of the Crabs and he allowed but three of his opponents to face him in the ninth, and when Redfield's green coated beauties got hold of the willow the Crabs realized that inevitable defeat was staring them in the face. The first two Frogs up drove the sphere far out into the lowlands and Bell leaped gleefully over the plate to victory.

The Crabs were greatly disappointed over their defeat and it is understood that another game will be played soon for a purse, a supper, or something of that sort.

THE GLASS WORKERS' GAME.

The bottle factory workers defeated a team composed of window glass workers at Kane field Thursday last by the liberal majority of 26 to 15. As the MINER was unable to have a representative present at the game, but a brief account can be given. John Hugg did the twirling for the window glass workers and Marshall Keefer caught. Sam Porter and Manrice McCabe was the battery for the bottle workers. These players all covered themselves several inches thick with glory, as did most of the other participants. The line up of the teams follow:

Bottle Workers—Porter, p; Greene, 2b; Janette, s. s.; McCabe, c.; Witherole, 1b; Curran, l. f.; Pancoast, r. f.; Malone, c. f.; Whilden, 3b.

Window Glass Workers—Keefer, c.; Hugg, p; Carey, 1b; Hunter, 2b; Camp and Stevenson, 3b; Johnson, s. s.; Andrews, r. f.; Wiltsey, l. f.; Estry c. f.

Score by innings:

Bottle Workers	0	8	7	5	0	0	1	1	—26
Window G. W.	6	0	0	2	3	1	1	3	—15

TEXAS LEAGUERS.

W. V. Provin is president of the Bolivar baseball team.

The Smethport team could not fill a date at Austin Saturday last on account of rain.

Kroh, a young pitcher of Friendship, N. Y., is twirling great ball this season and appears to be a comer.

Will the hysterical and "lobsterical" howls of Mt. Jewett quitters and papers result in beating Smethport out of another fairly won game?

Smethport has accomplished the feat of shutting out all the other teams in the league. Eldred, 17-0; Mt. Jewett, 12-0 and Port Allegany, 8-0.

Donbles, who pitched for Kane and Smethport last season, defeated some of his old mates at Kane one day last week. He is pitching for Sharon.

Smethport plays a league game with Mt. Jewett at the latter town to-morrow afternoon. This game takes the place of the one formerly scheduled for Aug. 30.

It begins to look as though the only way the other league teams can beat Smethport is to get mad at the umpire, quit the game and then protest it. Oh, pazazugazam!

Mt. Jewett's team will be Smethport's opponent at Kane Field next Tuesday. This will be the last league game between these teams this season and as they occupy the prominent positions in the league race a big crowd should be on hand to witness the concluding struggle.

Pres. McFall said Tuesday that he had not been notified of the withdrawal of Port Allegany from the league. It is hoped the report is untrue and that all the clubs can stick it out until the end of the season. None of the teams is receiving the support deserved by the article of base ball it is putting up.

HOW THEY STAND

The last two games have made many changes in the standing of the men. McCabe, Tull, Keefer, Young and Denning continue to improve their batting averages. Standing up to Aug. 24:

BATTING.

Player	G	A	B	R	H	Ave
Estry	1		5	0	2	.400
Stull	8		35	11	13	.371
McCabe	17		72	21	26	.361
Daniels	11		36	15	13	.361
Keefer	10		43	11	15	.349
Tull	15		60	19	24	.348
Andrews	13		52	16	17	.327
Denning	17		66	21	19	.288
Young	10		48	5	13	.279
Fuller	6		22	3	5	.227
King	9		31	3	7	.226
Croissant	14		61	8	11	.188
McClure	13		54	8	7	.129
Ramer	10		35	6	4	.114

FIELDING.

Player	G	P O	A	E	Ave.
Stull f	9	5	2	0	1.000
Keefer 1b	10	103	2	6	.941
Daniels 2b-ss	11	40	22	5	.925
Croissant 1b-c	14	113	14	11	.920
Denning p-f	17	27	21	7	.875
McClure f-2b	13	10	4	3	.875
Young 1b-2b	10	33	7	8	.833
McCabe 3b-p	17	39	42	17	.827
Fuller p	6	1	12	3	.812
Tull p-3b-ss	15	13	40	14	.790
Estry	1	1	2	1	.750
Andrews 1b-f	12	18	3	6	.760
King ss-1b-2b	9	18	11	12	.708
Ramer	10	9	1	6	.625

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Aug. 26, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 28, Port Allegany at Eldred.
Aug. 30, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Sept. 1, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Sept. 7, Port Allegany at Smethport.
Sept. 9, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Sept. 14, Eldred at Smethport.
Sept. 15, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.

New Library Established.

W. E. Shomo, representing the Banner Books Library with headquarters at Punxsutawney, has established a branch of that excellent institution in Smethport at L. K. Hogarth's drug store. Members of the club in this place are profuse in their praises of the great scope of reading matter embraced by the Library. A neat book case containing about 100 volumes has been installed in Mr. Hogarth's store and once per month the assortment is changed. Once a member you are enabled to secure any work of science, history, fiction, etc., within a very short time after its publication. The aggregate cost for life membership is only $3.00 and a small fee when a new book is taken out. It is certainly a boon to readers of any class of good literature. If you wish to become a member call on L. K. Hogarth.

Severely Burned.

Clinton McCann, a driller employed on the Barnsdall lease at Maple Run, Elk county, was terribly burned about the face and body on Friday afternoon of last week. The drill struck a large pocket of gas, which ignited in the derrick. Mr. McCann attempted to save the cable, as he supposed the rig would burn, but fortunately the cable snapped and the jar of the tools extinguished the gas, but not until Mr. McCann's clothing was nearly burned off him. The attending physician says he never saw a man burned so badly.—Kane Republican.

Good baby carriage for sale at a decided bargain. For particulars inquire of William Monheimer.

Dynamite, Caps and Fuse constantly on hand, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Big Battle On at Port Arthur.

According to dispatches in this morning's Era desperate fighting is going on around Port Arthur and the final assault upon that stronghold is imminent. These report are in no way substantiated as all Japanese official channels of information remain closed. There is little doubt but that a terrific battle is in progress and the loss on both sides is appalling. Residents of Tokio are decorating their homes and places of business and erecting arches in the streets to celebrate the taking of Port Arthur.

LONDON, Aug. 23—9:35—The Evening News this afternoon published a dispatch from Chefoo under to-day's date, announcing that the Japanese captured "Chair Fort" of the Port Arthur defenses, yesterday, after a tremendous attack.

The Evening News' dispatch from Chefoo repeats the announcement of the capture of Itshen, or Etseshan, known as "Chair Fort."

Etseshan, according to the maps of Port Arthur available, is almost in the center of the chain of forts, of which it forms one, defending Port Arthur, from which it is only about a mile and a half distant. It occupies a commanding position and is probably only second in importance to the Golden Hill forts. It was announced from Chefoo Monday that the Japanese had swept the Russians from Pigeon Bay and had captured the northermost fort of the western line of inner defences at Port Arthur. Etseshan fort is due east of the northern part of Pigeon Bay, and may be regarded as the northern fort of the western line of inner defences, though Antzeshan fort, about a mile northeast of Etseshan fort, might be classed as the northermost fort of the western line of inner defences at Port Arthur.

Baseball Arguments.

The Mt. Jewett News gives another half column of talk about that protested ball game; and removes all excuse for such talk by admitting that the editor was at the game. In winding up a lot of rehash he triumphantly says: "Who would play two innings with an umpire that would reverse his decisions?" And in answer we will say that Smethport has done this at Mt. Jewett. In one of our games there this season Mt. Jewett's umpire changed a decision when we protested and we finished the game and did not make any particular howl about it, either.

If Mt. Jewett had really thought they were getting the worst of the decisions and were not looking for a chance to kick instead of playing ball why didn't they put in the second umpire when they saw the first signs of favoritism toward the home team? They had a perfect right to do this and the fact that they did not make all their kicks look flimsy to baseball fans.

The contested game between Port Allegany and Smethport was awarded to Port Allegany by the committee last Wednesday or Thursday on the grounds that the umpire violated section 6 of rule 54. Although we do not think this rule covers the play in question we have no kick to make because Smethport was not represented at the hearing. Our only complaint is that the umpire never received any notice of the time set for the hearing and did not know of it until the Friday following. A notice written on the back of a letter in regard to registrations was sent to Manager Colegrove but he overlooked the same until after the contested game was decided. Therefore we are as strongly of the opinion as ever that the umpire's decision was right, but there is nothing to be gained by kicking now.

Death of Mrs. McCabe.

Mary, wife of J. B. McCabe, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Woods, No. 185 East Main street at 5:30 o'clock yesterday evening. Mrs. McCabe had been a sufferer during the past eight months from a complication of ailments and for some time her death had been expected. She was 28 years old and had lived in Bradford during the past 16 years. She is survived by her husband, her parents, five sisters and two prothers, Mrs. A. H. Geise of East Randolph, Mrs. L. L. Jacklin of Kane, the Misses Winifred, Rose and Helena Woods of this city and Frank J. Woods of Kane, and Stephen V. Woods of Bradford. The deceased was a member of the L. C. B. A. The funeral will be held on Thursday.

Mrs. McCabe was a most lovable and estimable young woman, whose untimely death is mourned sincerely by many friends. The sorrowing husband and relatives have the sympathy of the community in the loss which they have sustained.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

The deceased was the wife of James B. McCabe, son of Andrew McCabe and a former Smethport boy.

For Sale Cheap.

One nice driving horse, two carriages, one set light driving and two single harnesses, robes and blankets, one pair light dickies, one cutter, one oak dining table, one oak bedroom suit, one couch, one range burns gas, coal or wood. For particulars inquire of John Youmans, over Hafner's store, Smethport Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Smethport has always enjoyed the reputation of a quiet, inland town. On Monday morning she was suddenly, and unexpectedly to many, transposed into a busy railroad town. Many have been the projects discussed for opening communication by rail with the great world outside of us, many have been the bright hopes raised by the promises of impecunious railroad companies with high sounding names, only to be dashed to the ground when the fulfilling of those promises came to hand, until our people became painfully cognizant of the truth of the adage that "hope oft deferred maketh the heart sick." Not until the gentlemen having control of the Buffalo and McKean road, and composing the Buffalo Coal Company, turned their attention to the unbounded resources of this county in mineral deposits and determined to invest their money in coal lands and build a road to bring the product of their lands to market, has there been anything done in the way of railroad building that has looked like business. We of course expect that the B., N. Y. & Phila., although in making the mistake of avoiding the McKean coal fields the road has failed to prove of such mutual advantage to itself and this county that it might, which defect the McKean & Buffalo, acting as an important branch, will tend very much to remedy.

In May, a little over a year ago, a party of mining engineers, at the instance of Mr. Geo. Magee and with the permission of the Messrs. Wenning, commenced prospecting for coal upon the land owned by the latter gentlemen on Bunker Hill. After a thorough investigation they were so well satisfied of the value of the coal deposits that in September a company with a capital of $1,000,000 was formed, an immense tract of land secured, and the laying of a line for a road to connect with the B. N. Y. & Phila., at Larrabee. The weather in the fall was open and favorable to work on the road until very late, and the work was vigorously prosecuted. When the winter set in the weather was so extremely cold that work was impeded very much, but there was no complete cessation. As spring opened it was discovered that the severe frosts of last winter had played havoc with the newly constructed road bed, delaying very much the completion of the road. As the work approached completion the public has naturally been impatient and restive under the apparent tardiness of the company in opening it to the public. But they had very sensibly determined to have the road all finished and in good order before submitting it to public use and criticism. The 15th inst., was first set as the time of opening but not being in entire readiness at that time it was indefinitly postponed, and it was thought best not to begin business until July 1st. But it was finally concluded at a late hour last Friday to open up on Monday of this week. The preparatory arrangements were hastily made, and on Monday morning at 4 o'clock the first regular passenger train from Clermont to Larrabee passed Smethport. Six trains daily pass this place. Already a new and invigorating element seems perceptible in the atmosphere, our people step firmer and with more confidence in themselves and the future. The work of building the road has been accomplished without any brag or blaster, and as it is one of the best built and equipped roads in the country, we are not doubtful that it will prove one of the best paying ones. Smethport is at last out of the woods—the Lord be praised for that.

Those averaging 90 per cent. at the school examinations June 4th, 1875, were as follows: Mary Moore, Evaline Forsythe, Winnie Glenn, Fannie Rogers, Lucy Rogers, Orpha Starks, Ethel Armstrong, Nellie Waller, Ivah Knapp, Harry Richmond, Harry Knapp, Willie Mullin, Lee Knapp, Kate Brown, Belle Lyman, Mary Hamlin, Aline Hamlin, Addie Brownell, Katie Mullin, Alvin Wright, Thomas Richmond, William Lavery, Mary Sartwell, Ezra Taylor, Frank Irons, Addie Sheldon, James Simmons, Wilber Burlingame, Tommy Glenn, Adda Briggs, Josie Stanley, Nellie Pratt, Allie Irons. No of pupils in attendance, 84. M. Robison, teacher.

H. V. Redfield of the Cincinnati Commercial, wife and daughter, are spending a few weeks in town.

Our friend Llewellyn Sartwell has accepted a situation in H. Hamlin's store at Hamlin station. Success to him.

The return of Miss Kate Freeman from Buffalo, where she has been attending school, was the occasion of a pleasant surprise visit from her friends last Saturday evening. All had a good time, of course.

Armstrong-Chadwick.—Married at the residence of the bride's father, J. R. Chadwick, Tuesday evening, June 15, 1875, by Rev. L. A. Stevens of Olean, N. Y., M. L. Armstrong and Alice E. Chadwick of Smethport.

Lawn Swings and Seetee, lots of comfort for little price.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Another Negro Lynched.

A Cedartown, Ga., dispatch dated Aug. 22, says: Jim Glover, a negro, was shot to death to-night, near the home of the white girl he had assaulted and his body dragged a distance of about a mile into this city, and burned at the stake on the public square. A mob, estimated at 500, composed the shooting and burning party. The crime for which the negro was thus punished, was that of committing criminal assault upon Levia Reeves, the 13-year-old daughter of a well-known farmer.

The true story of the crime is the most revolting that had ever been given to the public from this immediate section of the country. After the little girl had protected the negro from the attack of a large dog owned by her father, he followed her to the pasture where she was taking a cow, caught her, choked her to insensibility and left her bleeding and unconscious in a cornfield. This occurred early this morning. Bloodhounds have been on the negro's track all day, and he was captured some distance away, late this afternoon, carried to the home of the girl who unhesitatingly identified him as her assailant. In the meantime, a crowd of fully 500 persons had gathered and summary justice was meted out to the negro as soon as it was learned that the young girl had positively identified the right man. The negro confessed his guilt. Immediately the crowd took him away from the posse which had captured him and his body was riddled with bullets.

The crowd continued to gather and when the march back to the town with the dead body in town began it appeared as if fully 1,000 persons had joined the procession. By the time the crowd had reached Cedartown several hundred more had been added to the crowd. About 2,000 persons witnessed the burning as best they could in the bright moonlight on the most conspicuous place on Main street.

The Dilger-Cornell Company.

The reorganized Dilger-Cornell Company gave two performances at the Lyceum Friday and Saturday evenings. They were greeted with crowded houses both nights. Several members of the company had not learned their lines and as a consequence the performances were not as smooth as they will be later in the season.

Friday night was amateur night and Ruth Voorhees of Olean, who sang a couple of songs, was awarded first prize. Ed. Hungerford, a clever little lad, did some neat dancing and was awarded second prize.

The specialties by Fred Dilger, John Shafer, M. W. Zielic, Margarete Johnson and Baby Beatrice were good, in fact the show is well worth the admission charged, but the company is not strengthened by the new members. Oh, n-n-n-no.

The Christening.

A St. Petersburg dispatch, dated Aug. 24, in this morning's Era says: The christening of the heir to the Russian throne occurred this morning at the church of the Peterhof Palace with imposing ceremony. A procession of gilded coaches accompanied the infant Prince from the Alexandria Villa to the church. After the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg had administered the sacrament to the heir the Emperor invested the latter with the insignia of the Order of St. Andrew. Immediately thereafter the ringing of church bells and the firing of 101 guns, announced the completion of the ceremony. The Empress left her bed yesterday for the first time since the birth of her son. Both she and the infant are in excellent health. The heir weighs about 10½ pounds.

Death of Theron Colegrove.

Theron Colegrove died at his home in Weston, W. Va., on Sunday last after a lingering illness. He was aged 54 years, 4 months and 14 days.

The subject of this sketch was born in Norwich township, this county, on April 7, 1850, and resided in this vicinity until some years ago when he moved to West Virginia. He is survived by a wife, five children, two brothers, Jonathan and Bela, of this place and one sister, Mrs. Mary Greeley, of Grosby.

Mr. Colegrove was a member of the A. O. U. W. Lodge, No. 182, of this place. He was a man of strict integrity and he will be greatly missed by his relatives and a large circle of friends in this vicinity.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

Buckboards and Wagons of our own make, call at our show room on Mechanic street and examine them.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Westbrook Academy is one of the oldest and most reliable business schools of the country. It was established in 1883, and has never changed hands.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

Screen Door and Windows to fit any opening. Large stock and many styles.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Two Points Of View

BY GRANT OWEN

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He was big, broad shouldered and good to look upon. His clothes were faultless in cut and texture. His collars and shoes were always indisputably correct. He seemed broad, genial, prosperity incarnate. The smile on his large, rather homely features was particularly winning. He was always smiling. He smiled now as he stood before the girl, even though he was vaguely aware of some impending calamity.

"How could you?" Miss Train was saying in injured protest. "Oh, how could you?"

"How could I what, Amy?" Jarvis asked.

"How could you sleep as you did last evening when I was trembling—simply trembling—under the spell of that voice?"

"Did I?" he said doubtfully. "Oh, come now, Amy, that was impossible."

"Nevertheless you did," she answered. "It was sacrilege."

"Look here," he said, "I'm sure you must be mistaken. I'll admit I might doze intermittently at 'Aida' or 'Traviata' or 'Faust,' but at Tannhauser never. I'm wide awake when Wagner is on the boards."

She glanced up hopefully. Had he really some canons of art, after all? There was undoubted sincerity in his tones. Perhaps this harsh judgment of him which she was aware had been formulating itself in her mind the past year was unjust to him. Perhaps, hidden behind that noncommittal smile, was a reverence for things artistic which his outward appearance successfully masked. But these thoughts were rudely quashed by his next remark.

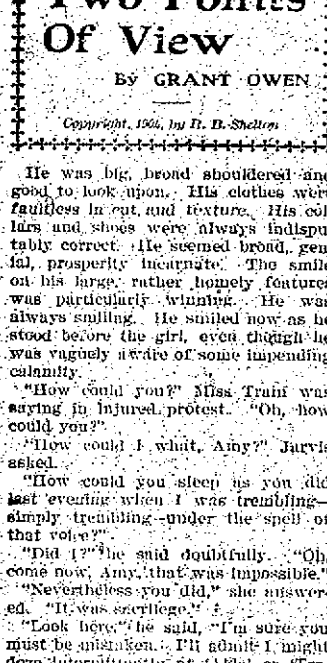
"Sleep during Tannhauser?" he laughed. "Gosh, Amy! Who on earth could sleep in such a thunder racket as that?"

The girl winced. "Arthur!" she said in shocked remonstrance.

He moved in his chair uneasily.

"There I go again!" he said. "Forgive me, dear. I didn't mean to shock you, but I'm so brutally practical, you know."

"That's just it," said the girl, "so brutally practical. I wanted to see you



"YOU! DIDN'T YOU SAIL TODAY?"

this afternoon to talk about that very thing. I—I don't know just how to make you understand it, but I'm afraid we won't be at all happy together. We're so very different—so very far apart."

The smile left his face momentarily.

"You don't mean"—he began.

"Yes," she said very low. "I don't think we are suited to each other, Arthur."

It took him some time to grasp the full import of her words. Then the smile came back, but it was a very artificial smile.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, with a huskiness in his big voice. "Perhaps you wouldn't be happy with a commonplace sort of chap like me. And your happiness, Amy, is the first and only thing that is worthy of my thoughts. You might see how a month without me might work anyway. And if it isn't all you expect, why, call me back, dear. I shall always be ready to come."

She watched him down the street until he turned a corner. But before that corner was reached she had already felt a queer tightening at her throat, and the houses across the street were blurred to her vision.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks passed, and she looked at the matter much more calmly. It was better thus. She had been quite right, in her judgment, she decided. Then came the disturbing note from him:

"My Dear Amy—I have decided to take a little run abroad. Any communication addressed care of the Colonial club, London, will reach me. I sail Thursday morning at 10. As ever, yours,

ARTHUR E. JARVIS.

She was angry with herself for feeling disturbed at the contents of the note. She tried to believe a tear that splashed on to the paper did not alter her attitude toward Jarvis, but she was distinctly dismal all the afternoon.

That evening she went to the opera with young Carlton Morley, who appreciated things artistic and was an enthusiast in Wagnerian scores. Morley was particularly brilliant that evening, but Amy Train beside him was thinking how insignificant and conceited he was. She was unutterably bored by his witty criticism of the box holders, and his enthusiasm over the tenor's work seemed almost effeminate in its effusion.

On the way home in the carriage Morley talked incessantly of orchestration and harmony, but his monologue fell on unheeding ears. Amy was looking pensively through the carriage window. She was thinking that Jarvis sailed tomorrow at 10 and that even if she cabled him it would be over a week after his receipt of it before she would see him. She devoutly wished Morley at the ends of the earth. She wanted to put her head down on the cushion and cry.

Thursday afternoon at 3 she sat in the library vainly trying to interest herself in the pages of a current magazine. The doorbell rang, and she heard a well known step across the hall. She sprang up as Jarvis entered.

With an effort she refrained from rushing to him. She leaned against a chair and said weakly:

"You? Didn't you sail today?"

"Of all the idiots," he announced, "I'm chief and foremost. Just before we sailed I realized it all—that instead of relieving my loneliness those 3,000 miles of sea would intensify it. I tied down the gangplank like a man possessed just as they were hauling it up. I simply had to see you again."

"I've been horribly lonely," she confessed, "but I didn't realize it all until last night. I went to the opera, and I wanted you with me even there."

He smiled happily.

"It wasn't the same without you," she said.

He had taken her in his arms. Now he was looking down at her and laughing softly.

"Perhaps you missed my accompanying snore," he chuckled.

"I did—oh, I did!" she said, pressing one of his big hands to her hot cheek.

The Sign of the Patch.

Mrs. Murray had advertised for a skilled gardener to work by the day in her yard, and somewhat to her embarrassment she was obliged to choose between two applicants who appeared at the same moment. As she stood on her doorstep questioning first one and then the other, she became aware that her mother-in-law, seated on the porch a short distance from the men and directly behind them, was frantically gesticulating.

The old lady, satisfied at last that she had attracted her daughter-in-law's attention, pointed unmistakably toward the less prepossessing of the two men, and the younger woman, supposing that her relative had some personal knowledge of the applicant, promptly engaged him.

"Has that man ever worked for you, mother?" asked Mrs. Murray when the two women were alone.

"No," replied the old lady. "I never saw or heard of either of 'em until now."

"Then why in the world did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Fiddle!" returned the old lady briskly. "When you pick out a man to work in the garden you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees, you want him. If the patch is on the seat, you don't."—Youth's Companion.

Heard a Great Deal.

He—Well, did you enjoy the evening?

She—Indeed I did. We went to the opera.

He—Of course you enjoyed it?

She—Immensely.

He—What did you hear?

She—What did I hear? Well, what didn't I hear? I heard that Nell Vandorpike is engaged to Tom Browning and that Jack Rentsarelow and Edith Singleton have quarreled and are not going to be married after all. Then I heard that Mrs. Tenbroke is going to get a divorce from her husband. Mrs. Thorndyke has been sued by her dressmaker. The Livingstons have a baby; Count Cuntukount is not a count at all. The Thompson boys—

He—But—

She—Well, don't interrupt me. I thought you wanted to know what I heard?

He—So I did, but—

She—Well, keep still, then. I—

He—What I meant was what opera did you hear?

She—Oh, well, I'm sure I can't remember, but I saw the name on the programme.

What a First Class Fare Means.

There are some people who imagine that wealth entitles them to privileges not accorded to the general public and exempts them from obligations and rules that others are disposed to obey. An incident which occurred on one of our ocean steamers conveys a wholesome lesson to the purse proud contemners of the rights of the majority. A family of unlimited wealth had secured the best accommodation the steamer afforded.

The gentleman and his wife kept themselves secluded most of the time, but the children were allowed to run wild over the steamer until they became such intolerable nuisances that the captain was spoken to, and he gave the youngsters a severe reprimand. This roused the indignation of the mother, who remarked to the captain that as she paid first class fare she thought she was entitled to first class privileges.

"Madam," said the captain, "first class fare means first class conduct." There was no further protest.—London Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

Little Rodney—Papa, what is the difference between climate and weather? Mr. Wayout (of Dismalhurst-on-the-Blink)—Climate, my son, is what a locality has when you are buying a home there, and weather is what it has afterward.—Puck.

Debts of Honor.

Johnny—Pa, what is a debt of honor? Pa—It is a debt that is incurred in a dishonorable way, Johnny.—Boston Transcript.

Naturally.

Van X.—Why are you going into the soap business? De Q.—To clean up some money, of course.—Detroit Free Press.

SALT AND ICE.

The Process That Begins When the Two Are Mixed.

It is not correct to say that salt dissolves ice, since real solution only takes place when a solid, liquid or gas is dissolved in a liquid.

The true explanation of the fact that ice melts when common salt is added to it depends upon the simple physical principle that when a salt is dissolved in water heat is absorbed, and its temperature is lowered. When salt and ice are mixed together some of the salt dissolves in the small amount of water which is always present, the temperature is thereby lowered, and a new freezing point is established.

The remainder of the ice—being at a temperature higher than this new freezing point—slowly melts, and more salt is dissolved until the solution is saturated. The temperature can in this way be lowered to 22 degrees C., which is the freezing point of a definite compound of salt and water.

The salts dissolved in sea waters serve a very important purpose, as if requires a greater degree of cold to cause the formation of ice on them than on fresh water.

ANCIENT CURRENCY.

The Chinese Once Used Small Bronze Knives For Money.

Knife money, a species of ancient Chinese currency, was associated with the state of Yen, one of the most powerful of the early subdivisions of the Celestial Empire, which came into power B. C. 1122 and was subdued by the rival state of Ts'in, B. C. 224. This quaint form of money consisted of small curved bronze knives, some seven inches in length, with inscribed blades and handles terminating in rings.

This knife money dropped out of use with the reduction of Yen, but was revived by the usurper Wang Mang, who was murdered A. D. 23. The issues of this potentate were half as long again as the earlier currency. They were also much thicker, and the ring at the end of the handle was replaced by a fingernail central square hole resembling the hilt in the modern "cash." Other Chinese currencies of great antiquity and of similar sort were axe money, or small hatchets, with such varieties of tool currency as chisels, spades and plows, all of which passed from hand to hand in the ordinary way as a circulating medium.

THE WORD "HANDICAP."

It Comes From the Ancient Custom of Hand In the Cap.

In former days a "handicap" was conducted thus: A, wishing for something which belonged to B, say a horse, would offer his watch for it. If A agreed, C was chosen to fix the sum that should be given by one or the other to make the exchange fair.

The three then put down a stake, and A and B, each holding a piece of money, put their hands into a cap or hat, or into their pockets, while C, enlarging on the respective merits of the horse and watch, made his award in as rapid and complex a manner as possible, ending it with the words, "Draw, gentlemen!"

A and B instantly drew out and opened their hands. If money appeared in both the exchange was made; if in one only, or in neither, the award was off, and in every case C took the stakes.

The modern use of handicap has arisen from the employment of experts to make fair conditions for a race in which the competitors are of unequal age or power.

Intelligence In Monkeys.

A correspondent in the Field contributes an extraordinary instance of intelligence in the Royal park, Melbourne, Australia. He was watching some monkeys in a large cage when one of them came to the front and tried to reach a nut which had been thrown and was lying on the gravel path. Putting its arms through the bars and stretching as far as possible it found that the nut was just beyond its reach. There was straw on the floor of the cage and going to the back, where it evidently expected to find the straw less damaged, it tested straw after straw, discarding them one by one, not thinking them strong enough for the purpose. At last it found a satisfactory one, returned with it to the front of the cage and very quickly with this aid hooked the nut close enough to be picked up.

Her Sympathy.

Little Flora was complaining that her stomach felt bad, according to the Columbia Herald. "Perhaps it's because it's empty," said her mother. "It might feel better if you had something in it." Not long afterward the minister called. In reply to a question as to his health he said that he was well, but that his head felt rather bad that day. "Perhaps it's because it's empty," spoke up Flora. "It might feel better if you had something in it."

Genius.

Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

What He Put Up.

"Has your friend Bifkins, the architect, put up anything lately?"

"Yes; I tried to collect a bill from him yesterday, and he put up a good bluff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We like to give in the sunlight and to receive in the dark.—Senn.

THE LOWER ANIMALS.

They Are Keen of Perception, but Are Incapable of Thought.

Animals have keen perceptions—keener in many respects than our own—but they form no conceptions, have no powers of comparing one thing with another. They live entirely in and through their senses. To all that inner world of reflection, imagination, comparison, reason, they are strangers. They never return upon themselves in thought. They have sense-memory, sense intelligence, and they profit in many ways by experience, but they have not soul memory or rational intelligence. All the fundamental emotions and appetites men and the lower animals share in common, such as fear, anger, love, hunger, jealousy, cunning, pride, curiosity, play, but the world of thought and thought experience and the emotions that go with it belong to man alone.

It is as if the psychic world were divided into two planes, one above the other—the plane of sense and the plane of spirit. In the plane of sense live the lower animals, only now and then just breaking for a moment into the higher plane. In the world of sense man is immersed also; this is his spirit and foundation, but he rises into the plane of spirit, and here lives his proper life. He is emancipated from sense in a way that beasts are not.—John Burroughs in Harper's Magazine.

A PLAGUE RELIC.

The London Gazette Was One Result of the Great Epidemic.

A curious relic of the great plague survives still in the London Gazette. During the epidemic the autumn session of parliament was held at Oxford from Oct. 9 to 31, 1665, and Charles II. and his court went there to attend the session and to escape infection.

As it was essential that London should be kept informed of the proceedings, the king started an official journal, entitled the Oxford Gazette, the first number of which appeared on Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1665. It contained an account of what had been done in the way of appointments and gave some items of court news. Three days later the publication was transferred to the metropolis as the London Gazette.

The first Oxford issue does not appear to have reached London until Nov. 22, at least Pepys records that on that date, very characteristically, "This day the first of the Oxford Gazettes come out; very pretty, full of news, and pd fully in it. Wrote to Williamson. It pleased me to hear it demonstrated that a purser who is professed cheating is a professed loser twice as much as he gets."

Talleyrand's Sharp Tongue.

When Mme. de Staël published her celebrated novel, "Delphine," she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady who is one of the principal characters. "I will tell me," said he, the first time he met her, "that we are both of us in your novel in the disguise of women."

THE CURE IS LASTING.

How the Latest Kidney and Bladder Medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, Cured Mr. Eldridge.

Write for Small Free Bottle.

This is what Mr. H. W. Eldridge, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., writes to the manufacturers of Cal-cura Solvent:

"Gentlemen:—I should like to tell you, in a few words, of the good Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's *latest* medicine, has accomplished in my case, one of kidney trouble.

"Before I took Cal-cura Solvent my urine was a brick dust color, and there was always a sediment of a reddish tinge. I procured a bottle and gave it a thorough trial. I noticed that the sediment gradually disappeared and the urine became clear. I have not taken any of the Cal-cura Solvent for a long time, and no sediment has appeared.

"I have the greatest faith in your medicine, and if I ever have a recurrence of my trouble I will take Cal-cura Solvent."

Remember, Calcura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N. Y. Large bottles $1.00 (*only one size*) all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - $45,000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

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—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPROUT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

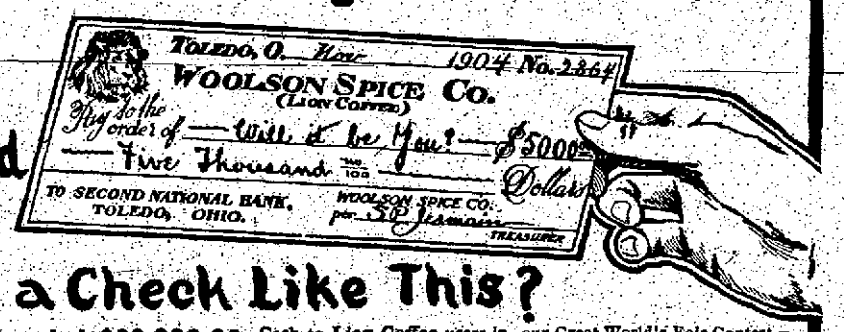
Carrie R. Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

$50,000.00

CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of

LION COFFEE

In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums


Toledo, O. June 1904 No. 2864
WOOLSON SPICE CO.
(Lion Coffee)
Pay to the order of Will it be You? $5000
Five Thousand No. 100 Dollars
TO SECOND NATIONAL BANK, TOLEDO, OHIO.
WOOLSON SPICE CO. per J. P. Jamison TREASURER

How Would You Like a Check Like This?

We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 8, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—	$500.00 each	1,000.00
5	Prizes—	200.00 "	1,000.00
10	Prizes—	100.00 "	1,000.00
20	Prizes—	50.00 "	1,000.00
50	Prizes—	20.00 "	1,000.00
250	Prizes—	10.00 "	2,500.00
1800	Prizes—	5.00 "	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,		TOTAL, $20,000.00

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads*

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEP'T.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, BROMO-PEPSIN is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Children

Have "eyes bigger than their stomachs," according to an old saying. They overeat themselves, and are tempted by all sorts of injurious and indigestible edibles. As a consequence the foundation of serious stomach trouble is often laid in childhood.

For children with "weak" digestion or whose stomachs are diseased, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery may be confidently recommended. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, so that the nourishment contained in food is perfectly assimilated and the puny child is built up by food into a condition of robust health.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition.

Mrs. Ella Gardner, of Waterview, Middlesex Co., Va., writes: "My little daughter is enjoying splendid health. I am glad I found a doctor who could cure my child. Whenever she feels badly I give her Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and she is soon all right. She took twelve bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, eight bottles of Pellets, and one bottle of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and she is well. We thank God for your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE

Will offer for the next 30 days special bargains in Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Window Screens, Haying Tools, Mason and Royal Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Hot Plates and Ovens, a full line of Hardware, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Cutlery, etc., at prices below competition.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—School begins next Monday.

—See county notice to contractors in another column.

—See change of advertisement of Westbrook's Academy.

—Notice the new plumbing advertisement of E. W. Strong this week.

—Three young turkeys were found in the stomach of a large blacksnake killed at Troy the other day.—Ex.

—First showing of advance fall styles is the title of The Lindholm Co.'s new advertisement this week.

—There were 247 births in the city last year, 120 of whom were boys and 127 were girls.—Bradford Herald.

—The Smethport bowling team was defeated at Bradford last Friday night by the Edgewood club bowlers. The Edgewoods won by 108 pins.

—Lognee, the Potter county game warden, who was shot by an Italian near Galeton, is still in the Williamsport hospital. He is slowly recovering.

—The recent oil strike at St. Marys caused considerable excitement among oil men and property owners in that vicinity. Haul & Kaul's new well is producing 20 barrels per day.

—Andrew Barr of Bradford recently arrested on a charge of larceny of a watch belong to John Heiser, was released last Thursday from the county jail, bail having been furnished in the sum of $200 for his appearance at court.

—George Baer of Cincinnati, representing Samuel Wells & Co., ginseng importers, is in town. Mr. Baer has made annual visits to Bradford for the past five years or more, and leaves a memento of his visit each time in the shape of several thousand dollars which goes to the growers and pickers of "sang" in this neighborhood.—Bradford Star.

—Comrades E. R. Sherman of this city and H. M. Choate of Smethport returned Sunday from Boston where they were in attendance at the annual encampment of the G. A. R. Delos Armstrong, a Bradford visitor at the reunion, was taken suddenly ill last week and was compelled to remain in Boston under the care of a physician. He is expected to return home during the present week, as his condition was greatly improved when Messrs. Choate and Sherman started for Bradford.—Era.

Candy.

"The talk about adulterated candies," said a manufacturer, "is nonsense. There is a national organization of confectionery manufacturers which makes a business of investigating all reports of poisoning from eating candy and has succeeded in exploding most of such rumors. When a child is hungry it will fill up on almost anything it can get hold of—green apples, for instance, or even gravel or grass. It gets sick, and the mother, knowing it had eaten candy that day, spreads the report that the sweets were poisoned. The organization looks into every such case it hears about and finds out the truth. Competition is too strong for any concern to try to sell adulterated goods. The firm's competitors would immediately analyze the piece which is said suspiciously cheap, and if it contained injurious ingredients would not be slow in proclaiming the fact. Good business principles demand honesty in the manufacture of candies."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Anemone Facts.

Naturalists have duly recorded that that if a sea anemone be divided in halves longitudinally a new animal will in time be reproduced by each half, assuming the anemone is kept in pure sea water. An old zoologist relates how he watched an anemone which somehow or other had contrived to half swallow one of the valves of an oyster shell. Practically the shell stuck in its gizzard and gradually cut its way down through the soft tissues of the anemone until it halved the animal as by a partition. Perfect reproduction of two anemones through the division of one was noted to be the result of this accident. Even a fragment or two of an anemone body left attached to its rock may in due season reproduce a new body.—London News.

Japanese Myths.

Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among these are serpents 800 feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant, foxes with eight legs, monkeys with four ears and fishes with ten heads attached to one body. They also believe in the existence of a crane which, after it has lived for 600 years, has no need of any sustenance except water.

Korean Customs.

According to the Rev. C. F. Collyer, an English missionary, the Korean "never cuts his hair or beard. To do so is considered a mark of dishonor to his parents, whom he strongly reverences. Any hairs that may happen to come out and even the parings of his finger nails are carefully saved and put into the coffin with him in order that he may go back to Mother Earth intact."

Old Tree Superstitions.

The old Teutonic and Saxon races in central and northern Europe before the introduction and spread of Christianity had a great veneration for trees. They would never willingly damage them. Under large trees, especially old oaks, the great councils were held and judgment given, and the graves of this people were found in groves, they always being buried under the roots of a tree. This all was a result of the superstition that their gods lived in those trees. In the linden tree Berchta dwelt, a benign spirit who took charge of the babies and rocked their cradles when the nurses fell asleep; in the oak, Donar, the thunder god; in the willows all sorts of spirits, in the elder trees the dwarfs. Whenever the festivals of these gods were celebrated their trees were decorated with lights, wreaths and guesten (tassels), and offerings were hung in the branches, which, however, were plundered again when the festival was over, the gods being supposed only to appropriate the best.

The Camel as a Soldier.

The camel is a good soldier, says a London writer. It may be stupidity, and it may be bravery, but a camel is as steady under fire as a tower. The Persians mounted small cannon on the backs of their camels and called them zambwahs, or "little wasps." This fashion was adopted in India, and after the battle of Sobraon 2,000 of these artillery camels were captured. In the Indian Mutiny the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch highlander in his kilt. In 1845 Sir Charles Napier had a camel corps in Sindh, and in one day he marched seventy-five miles, defeated a brigand chief and marched home again. In 1878, the British used camels against the Afghans, and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in those campaigns. Many of these were driven to death by their owners in order that they might claim the government bounty.

Monster Beds.

Though the beds of the royal personages of England were elaborately carved and hung with rich curtains even so late as the Tudor period, it is recorded that King Henry VIII.'s bed contained only straw beneath all its finery. A curious order exists as to precautions to be taken against the possibility of intended mischief to the royal person in the making of the bed, for the usher was to search the straw through with a dagger, "that there be none untruth therein, and to tumble over on the down bed for the better search thereof." The bed of Henry VIII. was nearly eleven feet square, and of even more generous dimensions is the great bed to which Shakespeare refers in a well known passage in "Twelfth Night," which was twelve feet square. This great bed of Ware has been a marvel for centuries.

He Sent Another.

A few years ago a well known lawyer remitted in settlement of an account to the publisher of a paper a two dollar bill, which was returned with the brief statement:

"This note is counterfeit; please send another."

Two months passed before hearing from the lawyer again, when he apologized for the delay, saying:

"I have been unable until now to find another counterfeit two dollar bill, but hope the one now inclosed will suit, professing at the same time my inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which I thought as good a counterfeit as I ever saw."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rise Above Your Troubles.

No matter what cares, anxieties or sorrows may vex or sadden you, do not prove yourself a weakling by going down before them, but show yourself noble in rising above them and molding them to life's purpose. Rather bear an insult than give one; rather dry a tear than cause one to be shed. How many celebrities we would have if men would be as anxious to make their own fame as they are to unmake the fame of others.

Nothing Left.

"I have had lots of friends who were guilty of mutilating books they had borrowed from me, but my latest experience was the most novel of all."

"What was it?"

"I lent Mrs. Blanks my dictionary a few days ago, and yesterday she returned it without a word!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Its Beauties.

"Do you now appreciate the beauties of civilization?"

"Yes," answered the barbarian. "Civilization is a great institution. But, as in the case of other large enterprises, it's usually best to be one of the promoters and get in on the ground floor."—Washington Star.

He Was Afraid.

The Bride—Tell me now, dearest, when you proposed weren't you a little nervous for fear I should say "No?" The Bridegroom (who has married for money)—I should think I was. Why, I owed nearly $5,000, and my creditors were getting awfully pushing.

He Knew.

"Squeezem is a mean man."

"What makes you think so?"

"I saw him put a lead quarter in a blind man's hat this morning."

"How did you know it was lead?"

"I passed it on him yesterday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Flattery.

He—Is there anything in the world that bores you more than flattery? She—Only one thing that I know of. He—what is that? She—Not to be flattered.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

One of the oldest and best Colleges in the country. Good traditions. Strong faculty. Healthful and attractive situation, beautifully wooded campus. Commodious buildings. Adequate equipment. Five courses of study. Over fifty Elective courses offered. Only Phi Beta Kappa College in Western Pennsylvania. Moral and religious tone healthful and wholesome. Expenses unusually moderate. Help for needy students with good grades. Fall term opens September 28. Write President William H. Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

How Indians Interpret Dreams.

According to one authority this is the interpretation Indians give to certain dreams:

If you are a young man or woman and dream of flying low it is a sure sign you are short lived, and it is time you were preparing your little business to do your flying at some other place. If you dream of flying among the house tops or just above, you will reach the fifty or sixty notch.

If you dream that you are away above the tree tops, then you are good to live up into the nineties, and if you dream that you are bumping the stars with your gourdhead, then you will reach the century notch. To dream that you are solid with a black eyed beauty is a sign that you will kill a fine buck deer before you sleep again. To dream of blood means also meat in the pot. To dream of your would be mother-in-law breaking a bow over your head is a sure sign that you will not be her dear beloved son-in-law. If you dream of eating softly with a deceased friend, make your will before another sun goes down.—Kansas City Journal.

A Road Made In a Day.

Lothian road, a prominent street in Edinburgh, was made in a single day. Sir James Clerk of Penicuik bet with a friend that he would between sunrise and sunset prepare the line of road, extending nearly a mile in length by twenty paces in breadth. It happened to be in the winter season, when many men were unemployed. He had no difficulty in collecting several hundreds of these on the ground at the appointed time, when he gave them all a plentiful breakfast of porter, whisky and bread and cheese, after which, just as the sun rose, he ordered them to set to work, some to tear down inclosures, others to uproot and demolish cottages and a considerable portion to bring earth to fill up a great hollow to the required height. The inhabitants, dismayed at so vast a force and so summary a mode of procedure, made no resistance. So active were the workmen that before sunset the road was sufficiently formed to allow Sir James to drive his carriage over it.

"Po' Li'l' Billy."

A ram, famous in a West Virginia village for its propensity to butt, was enraged one morning, says the Philadelphia Press, to discover Uncle Billy, an aged darky, asleep in the pasture. Uncle Billy sat with his head bowed low and his bald spot shining in the sun. The ram eyed it from a distance. Uncle Billy nodded, and the dark top of his head looked distance.

The ram stood up and waved a challenge with its horns. Uncle Billy nodded. With a snort the ram charged and Uncle Billy's head fell like a catapult at the [illegible].

A little later it packed its old pain the [illegible] and wandered away to the farther side of the pasture to ruminate over the vision. Uncle Billy looked up drowsily.

"Po' li'l' ram!" he murmured. "He done wandered from de fold and foun' sorrow and tribulation!"

Stale Bread.

It is generally supposed that the staleness of bread arises from its becoming actually drier by the gradual loss of water, but this is not the case. Stale bread contains almost exactly the same proportion of water as new bread after it has become completely cold. The change is merely in the internal arrangements of the molecules of the bread. A proof of this is that if we put a stale loaf into a closely covered tin, expose it for half an hour or an hour to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water and then allow it to cool, it will be restored in appearance and properties to the state of the new bread.

Salt In the Spectrum.

The extreme delicacy of the spectrum test is illustrated by the fact stated by Lommel that the three-millionth part of a milligram of a salt of sodium, an imperceptible particle of dust to the naked eye, is yet capable of coloring the flame of a candle yellow and of giving the yellow lines of sodium in the spectroscope. Indeed sodium in the form of a common salt (sodium chloride) is so universally present as an impalpable dust floating in the air that it is next to impossible to get a spectrum which does not show the sodium lines.

Entertaining Customers.

A New York business house near White street and Broadway reckons its yearly entertainment fund at about $100,000. It does an annual business of over $20,000,000. Its salesmen are bright fellows who control trade. One who works altogether on a commission basis makes $25,000 a year, but of that spends $15,000 in entertaining his customers.

Her Retort.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the young woman who boasts.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Packingham of Chicago, "I understand that travel was very cheap on that boat."—Washington Star.

Marriage Forbidden the Deformed.

Deformed persons, who are very rare among the Sakais, or those attacked by dangerous disease must make a vow of celibacy.—Singapore Straits Budget.

His Hand.

"Edith accepted old Millun's hand in marriage yesterday."

"The hand he signs his checks with, I guess."—Chicago Journal.

The most changeable things in the world are the course of waters and the humor of women.—Pittacus.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Tramping In France.

One tramps because he likes to tramp, not to save money. Nevertheless, in Normandy, and the same is true of nearly every other section of France except Savoy and the Cote d'Azur, one must make a distinct effort to spend while tramping more than 7 francs a day, or $1.40. Nearly all the auberges and many of the smaller hotels give comfortable rooms for 30 cents a night and no extra charges, the petit dejeuner for 10 cents and a prix fixe dejeuner and dinner for 30 cents each.

In a word, 7 francs ($1.40) a day represents luxury, 4 to 6 comfort and 3 to 4 the essential. To bring the average per day below 3 francs and keep moving it is necessary to go to the length of buying provisions at the stores and sleeping sometimes in the open air and in granges, a method which is not without its special piquancy, as I know from experience, but which it would be hazardous if not unpardonable to recommend.—Alvan F. Sanborn in Booklovers' Magazine.

A Kanaka Canoe.

The early Kanakas built their fast sailing canoes out of the body of a single tree, hollowing it out and staying the edges with strips of hard wood. These strips extended to the ends and covered a space at both stem and stern. The triangular sails were made of fine matting, and the little craft was steadied by an outrigger. The ruling chiefs and their families traveled in large double canoes, with a raised platform in the center for passengers.

The building of a canoe was a very serious business. Offerings were made to the gods, and prayers were especially addressed to the fisherman's tutelary saint. A priest finally stood with the owner at the bow of the canoe and recited the last prayer in unbroken silence; death and disaster were sure to follow if any extraneous noise disturbed the scene.—New York Times.

His Wish.

A wicked story is told about two partners who respected each other's business ability, but who hated each other cordially. To one of them came a fairy saying that he could have any boon he desired and whatever he had his partner should have in double portion. Naturally his first wish was for a barrel of money. "All right," said the fairy, "but your partner will get two barrels on that wish." "Stop a little," said the first. "Perhaps you'd better not give me a barrel of money. I'd rather you would make me totally blind in one eye."

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.

You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to E. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bonnell House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1904.

CANDIDATE PARKER will not do any speechmaking during this campaign.

THIS is the year when politicians go to camp meeting, not to get religion, but votes.

DOWN in Saco, Me., says the Boston Herald, a man was sent to jail for drunkenness. His wife, left destitute, applied in vain to the city authorities for help, and, in consequence, her baby died. The doctor who was called wrote on the certificate as the cause of death, "Starvation because the city refused assistance."

GOODYEAR'S prospects for being nominated by the Democrats for Governor of New York are very bright at present. He is a big lumber and railroad magnate whose interests are largely in Pennsylvania. He is a conservative Democrat of the Parker type. Another Democrat who is being discussed as a possible candidate for the same office is William Randolph Hearst. He is not conservative.—Bradford Era.

THE State of Virginia has been trying to collect a tax levied on the powder belonging to the government and used on naval vessels and forts on the Virginia coast. The government wisely refuses to pay such an absurd levy. The principle involved is the attempt of Virginia to levy it. If Virginia could tax gunpowder it could tax everything else in Virginia belonging to the government. Virginia seems to be in need of reconstruction.

THOSE of the North who so severely criticize Southerners for the horrible lynchings of negroes should first consider how they would act under similar circumstances. True, lynching, under these circumstances, is unlawful and should be discouraged, but when such terrible outrages as is reported from Cedartown, Ga., this week are perpetrated upon innocent children it is next to impossible for ordinary human beings to control their passions and wait for the slow process of law to avenge such outrageous wrongs upon humanity.

As significant an evidence as any of Democratic straits is the desperate casting about of the party organs for an eleventh-hour issue. They are clutching at the straws of the moment. Hence the bombast and pathos over the Parker telegram. Hence the fatuous effort to make capital out of the administration's vigorous representations to Turkey. Hence the super-ingenious attempt to resurrect a new and attractive issue from the boneyard of Philippine "anti-imperialism." "Blucher or night"—something unscheduled and adventitious—is the murmured prayer of the minority strategists.—New York Mail.

THE Pittsburg Times notes as the first obstacle in the way of Democratic success this fall that "the Republican party is a fighting organization, aggressive and confident, united in support of its principles and its candidates, and encouraged by an unbroken record of victories in every presidential and congressional campaign in the last ten years. Its majorities in the electorial college in 1896 and 1900 were not small, but, on the contrary, were so decisive that little short of a political landslide this fall can overcome them and elect Judge Parker. Thus far there are no signs of such a landslide. Republicans are standing by their party. The organization is by no means idle. It is preparing to make a fight all along the line."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20, 1904.

When the Filipino Commissioners visited the President a few weeks ago he asked some of them how soon they thought their people would be ready to have a General Assembly called for the purpose of considering local legislation. Some of the Commissioners replied that the time had already come. Since then they have sent a petition to the President, by the hands of Secretary Taft, urging him to take the matter into serious and early consideration. One reason for their so doing is the fact that the U. S. Philippine Commissioners have promulgated a series of informal revenue laws, which, with the customs duties, the Filipinos think will be of deep interest to the inhabitants of the island. Since they must provide the revenue they ask for the privilege of having something to say about the objects for which the money shall be appropriated. In any event they think their law should be considered and ratified by the representatives of the people. Your correspondent called to-day at the revenue division of the Treasury and was informed that thus far the Government has no internal revenue officer in the Philippines, but there is one in Hawaii. It was also thought at the Treasury that only Congress can pass laws for purposes of taxation, since that is the way provided by the Constitution. Under these circumstances it is understood that President Roosevelt will soon do all he prudently can to ameliorate commercial conditions in our Eastern possessions. And he may issue orders for calling together a National Assembly, with limited powers, much sooner than the "anti-imperialists" imagine. Signs are not wanting that a number of American houses stand ready to make investigations in the Philippines as a result of what they have seen at the St. Louis Exhibition.

Owing to the fact that it is understood that the Democrats will make a desperate effort to reduce pluralities in Vermont and Maine, announcement is made that next week Secretary Taft will deliver speeches in Montpelier, Vt. and in Portland, Me., on his way to join his family at Murray Bay, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where they are spending the summer. Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, will visit the same States a little later. With the departure of the President today for another month's outing at Oyster Bay, very few Cabinet Ministers will remain in town. Secretary Metcalf is already on his way to California to close up his private business, which he says he left at two days notice. Morton is touring along the Atlantic coast and has Atty. Gen. Moody with him. Secretary Hay, having warned foreign powers what they can and must not do, will soon return to New Hampshire. He is receiving numerous telegrams of congratulation over the news of the birth of a grandson—John Hay Whitney, the mother of whom was pleasantly known here in Washington as Helen Hay. Secretary Shaw will also go to the Pacific coast, making speeches in the states west of the Rocky mountains, and one or two in Utah.

All the news which drifts into Washington from drifting politicians, and otherwise, regarding the prospects and progress of the campaign, is full of cheer and hope for the Republicans. It is considered very unwise politically, to force again issue the negro suffrage question in West Virginia; the Georgia lynchings will lose tens of thousands of Democratic votes in the North and West to the party; and the tricks resorted to in Maryland will probably land that state in the Republican column. Fish Commissioner Bowers, of West Virginia, predicts a Republican plurality of 17,000 in that state. It is denied by Congressmen visiting in this city that there is any likelihood of Wisconsin, Indiana or Illinois going Democratic.

Confidence in the future that things will be for the next four years, as they have been for the past four years, is manifest here in Washington by the great building improvements and vast enterprises which are going on. The value of new buildings here last year was $18,000,000, a large increase over the previous year. Ten new school houses had to be erected to keep pace with the population. Six great Railway corporations have united to build immense freight yards just out of the city which will cover five square miles, and cost several millions of dollars. These yards will be able to handle, 10,000 car-loads of freight daily, and are designed to be the traffic gateway to the South. The Seventh Day Adventists are to build a large college, while the Government is spending untold millions on public buildings and the general improvement of the city.

There is only one charitable way of accounting for the undignified fanfaronade which Mr. Williams mouthed at the White Sulphur Springs notifying Mr. Davis of his nomination for Vice President—too much libation. Alas, Knight! whenever did I see thee so put out? Me thinks thou never didst unless canary put me out.

Gen. Corbin, who is to command the 30,000 troops at Manassas, in a few weeks, wishes it to be understood that there is to be no sentiment in fighting over again the Bull Run battles. They have been projected simply to show the young soldier how to behave in the face of the enemy; how to learn the lesson of modern warfare. The War Department wishes to show to the world what it is able to do in quickly preparing for war; how quick it can get the men into the field, tent and feed them, as well as thousands of horses, without delay or confusion. The grounds to be covered by the soldiers amount to seventy-two square miles. Thus far most of the farmers have leased them to the government, but one old Quaker, who owns a farm of 900 acres in the middle of the battle field, refused to lease his land, even for mimic warfare. So they are to be flagged off, and will not be molested. Very strict orders have been issued to the soldiers to conduct themselves like gentlemen.

I met Gen. Black on the street a few days ago, in a great rush to catch the cars for Boston. There he made a speech, which is attracting some attention. Speaking of pension matters he says that 47,373 new pensioners were added to the roll this year, while 49,157 were dropped. So the decrease is really only over two thousand. The Civil war widows now amount to 258,660. No wonder the streets are filled with women who wear black!

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the County Commissioners at their office in the court house, Smethport, Pa., for the construction of abutments for a bridge across the Allegany river, near Port Allegany, known as the Red House bridge, up to September 5th, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m.

The commissioners hereby reserve the right to reject any and all bids. All bids must be accompanied by a bond with approved securities in the sum of $3500.00 conditioned for the faithful performance of the contract.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the County Commissioners' office, Smethport, Pa.

GEO. GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
W. P. WALSH,
County Commissioners.

Attest: S. D. WEAVER, Clerk.
August 22, 1904.

Furnish Your China Closet

FREE

By Using **Maltby Co.'s**

Signature BRAND

Groceries

The C. R. Maltby Company's Signatures which appear on all their packages of Tea, Coffee, Flour, Spice, Fruit, etc., are valuable—*save them.*

You can exchange them for beautiful premiums, consisting of Cut-glass, China, Silverware, Furniture, Cutlery, etc.

Over 300 Articles to Select From and All of the Finest Quality.

Insist upon your Grocer giving you
Signature Brand Goods.

Write to us for handsome, illustrated catalogue of premiums.

C. R. MALTBY COMPANY, - - - Corning, N. Y.

For Sale by Gallup Grocery Co., Smethport, and C. W. King, East Smethport.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits

Rochester Business Institute

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES.

Young people fitted and placed in Business Positions.
More positions to fill than candidates to recommend.
New 1904-'05 Catalogue ready.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE CLARION
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers—Prepares Young People for College—Offers excellent Facilities for General Education. FREE Tuition for Prospective Teachers. Board, Room Rent and Laundry for School Year, 43 weeks, $127.00; for Fall Term, 16 weeks, $49.00. Station of Pittsburg, Summerville and Clarion Railroad directly opposite Normal Laundry. Fall term opens Tuesday, September 6, 1904. For further particulars address

Principal Normal School, Clarion, Pa.

LOOK ME UP

When in need of anything in

Fruit and Green Goods.

I always have on hand a complete line of Periodicals, Magazines, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, etc.

Give me a call.

Ellwood Gaskin,
Smethport, Pa.

Westbrook Academy

The leading private school of business, shorthand and telegraphy. Strictly high grade and popular with pupils desirous of the BEST preparation. References in almost every city and town. Send for rates and particulars.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

IN the Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean:

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on Tuesday, the 30th day of August, at 2 o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as council may be heard, under the "Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and its supplements, by W. F. Burr, Stella Burr, J. S. Brown, W. A. Young and J. D. Burr, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Oak Hill Cemetery Association, the character and object of which is for the purpose of creating and maintaining a fund for the perpetual care of Oak Hill cemetery of Eldred, Pa., and the buying, selling and holding of land for cemetery purposes, and for this to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

J. R. HAUGHNEY,
Solicitor.

BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town. . . . . .

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD,

FIRST SHOWING OF ADVANCE FALL STYLES.

Saturday, August 27th, we will make our first showing of advance FALL STYLES of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Skirts and Tourist Coats. If you are wanting something to wear and want it at once, and want it right, see us about it. We have just the thing you want, and what's more we can fit you.

NEW KNITTED GOODS

For Ladies and Children.

Circular Shawls, hand-made. Colors, blue pink and white	$1.50 and $1.98.
Infants' Sacques, white and colors	25c and 50c
Infants' Bootees, white and colors	18c, 20c and 25c

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

STANDARD

LUZON

BINDER

TWINE

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 25, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Mt. Jewett News was seven years old yesterday.

—Jeffries and Monroe will fight at San Francisco to-morrow night.

—New autumn goods are arriving daily at the store of Fry & Comes. Consult their new ad.

—Al Heath, Sydney Burdick and Earl Hafner assisted the choir at the Crosby Union church Sunday.

—Miss Rose Allen of Mt. Jewett, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis is rapidly recovering.

—A horse belonging to John McDowell was killed on the B. B. & K. Ry. between here and Ormsby Monday evening.

—Mr. Emil Henisse and Miss Jennie Quinet, both of Eldred, were married by Justice Frank J. Shaffer, at Olean, on Monday.

—Edinboro Normal helps young people to make the most of themselves. Send for illustrated catalogue. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Eight cases of smallpox are reported from Belmont, N. Y. The disease is in a mild form and at this writing no serious results are feared.

—Mrs. Cordelia Botkin was sentenced on Monday at San Francisco to life imprisonment for the murder of Mrs. John P. Dunning in Dover, Delaware.

—Sam Sing's laundry at Olean was burglarized early Sunday morning and $200 secured. Sin and his son, Lee Chin, were badly beaten by the burglars.

—At St Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. From the first Sunday in September the evening service will be at 7:30 o'clock.

—Alfred E. Knapp was electrocuted in the Ohio penitentiary annex on Friday last. He had confessed to the murder of five women and it is thought that he had killed others.

—B. H. Barr of Bradford has purchased the stock of hemlock and hardwood lumber sawed at McKean Brothers' mill this season. The stock amounts to about 2,000,000 feet.

—John Thamm, the 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm of No. 5 Collins court, is ill with an attack of scarlet fever, and the residence has been quarantined.—Bradford Record.

—At Cross Fork last week two employes of the mill, Wm. Turner and an Italian, exchanged eight pistol shots without either being injured. Turner was arrested and the Italian escaped.

—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, who has been at Petoskey, Mich., for the past week, will return home on Saturday and will hold services at St. Luke's church on Sunday.

—Mrs. H. C. Wells gave a lawn and thimble party at her beautiful home on Cemetery street Tuesday afternoon and evening. A large number of guests were present and enjoyed themselves hugely.

—Miss Stella Tate is the guest of her brother, W. W. Tate. Miss Tate taught in the Port Allegany schools last year and expects to go to Porto Rico this fall to engage in the same work.—Wellsboro Agitator.

—There will be an ice cream social given on the lawn of George Schoonmaker Friday evening Aug. 25th. If stormy will be at A. W. Smith's, East Smethport; all are invited to attend this social. Benefit Union church.

—A local branch of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was organized at St. Marys recently. The new organization starts off with a membership of 18 most all of whom are engineers employed on the P., S. & N. R. R.

—Chadwick's orchestra furnished fine music for the lawn party given by Mr. and Mrs. Wells Tuesday. Smethport is fortunate in having these musicians for they can be depended upon for an obliging gentlemanly aggregation.

—The big saw mill at Mina is again doing business after a long idleness. The capacity of this mill is about 75,000 feet per day. It is stated that work will be begun on the erection of a kindling wood factory the first of September.

—*On account of the Grange Picnic to* be held at Coryville on Tuesday, Aug. 30, the P., S. & N. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from any point on their line for a single fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets good on all regular trains.

—"Thy Will be Done, as in Heaven so on Earth," is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Views of Tissot's paintings relating to the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension of Christ, in the evening will conclude the series of stereopticon views.

—A pretty nasturtium tea was given yesterday afternoon at the residence of F. G. Lindholm by Miss Marie Jackson in honor of Miss Simar of Port Allegany and Miss Millar of Toronto. During the afternoon the guests received telegrams from Mrs. Gaylard Patterson, announcing the engagement of Miss Jackson to Mr. Walter Hall of Port Allegany.

—George Sheperd has purchased the Izates Goding house on Arnold avenue and will move his family here from Smethport. They were former residents and have hosts of friends here. Mr. Shepard bought an interest in the Sartwell House livery barn several months ago and has since been looking for a good location. He has found one of the best in the city.—Port Allegany Reporter. This estimable family has many friends in Smethport who will regret their removal.

—Smethport people wishing to attend the Smetport-Mt. Jewett base ball game to-morrow afternoon at Mt. Jewett can leave here at 10:15 a. m. Party tickets can be purchased making the fare for the round trip 60 cents each. Returning train will be held until after the game.

—The Tioga county officials have decided to make the prisoners in the county jail break stone eight hours per day. This healthful exercise will be performed in the open in the rear of the jail and the participants will be adorned with a ball and chain. Tramps will probably give Tioga county a wide berth in the future.

—The report that a child was killed at Coudersport during the recent celebration originated from the fact that Mrs. Grant Mosher of that place left her infant son in a chair at the Casino rink while she participated in the dance. The child was covered with shawls and a man sat down on the little one crushing it severely.

—B. N. McCoy, Sr., has been negotiating for some time with the Boyd Glass Co. of Mt. Jewett for the purchase of the factory which was partially burned several weeks ago. The deal has now been closed and Mr. McCoy has taken possession. The factory is being enlarged and an early resumption is hoped for.—Kane Leader.

—A workman named Lindholm, employed at McKean Bros. mill, met with a painful accident Saturday last. He was engaged in running logs to the mill when he caught his right ankle between two of them bruising and crushing the leg quite badly. A physician attended to the injury, which will incapacitate Mr. Lindholm for a few weeks.

—A number of carrier pigeons belonging to the Eldred game club were released at East Smethport Friday. Seven minutes is said to be the average time made by the birds between Smethport and Eldred. It is reported that several of the birds owned by this club covered the distance between St. Louis and Eldred in less than twenty-four hours.

—The dead body of Malcom Nelson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Cris Nelson, of East Kane, who enlisted in the 14th United States Artillery was found in the Hocking river yesterday. Malcom disappeared on Friday night of last week during a riot between the State Militia and the Regulars, who were camping at the same place.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—Miss Lizzie Buzell, aged 24 years, died at noon, Sunday last, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Buzzell of Ormsby, after an illness with pneumonia. She is survived by her parents. Funeral services were conducted at the church at Ormsby at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and the remains were brought to Smethport and interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

—An automobile going at a high rate of speed ran out of the road into a field on East Main street one night last week. The occupants, whose names could not be learned, were considerably shaken up. The auto was damaged but proceeded on its way after temporary repairs were made. Had the accident happened a few rods further east the outfit would have plunged over the dugway road.

—Albert Lawton and Clarence Showers, of State Line, were given a hearing before Alderman Osborne Tuesday afternoon, on the charge of plugging the hole of an oil well, the property of Henry B. Martin. Lawton was held in the sum of $100 bail for his appearance at court, and Showers was discharged, as there was no evidence to show that he was implicated in the mischief.—Bradford Record.

Attempted Suicide.

A man named Curran, hailing from North Clarendon, attempted to end his life at the borough lockup last night by butting his head against the iron door. The man had been on a protracted spree ever since the Fireman's Convention at Warren, and was suffering from an attack of the "jimjams." He had been treated at the hospital, and had made his escape, and was gathered in by the police about 10 o'clock last night. About three o'clock this morning Officer Proper went into the cell and found the man in an unconscious condition. A physican was called and he found that the outer wall of the skull had been crushed, and the scalp literally battered to shreds. The physican dressed the wound, which he says is very serious. He says the man is in a precarious condition. His relatives at Clarendon have been notified.—Kane Republican.

Fatal Fall From Derrick.

A Shingle House special to the Bradford Star, dated Aug. 19, says: James Henderson, aged 30 years, was killed by falling 60 feet from an oil derrick and striking on his feet. His muscles were stiffened and the legs were driven far into the body. The remains were mangled beyond description. The accident occurred at Dallas, a small town several miles distant from here. Henderson had been working for the Empire Gas Company of late, but was not at work Tuesday because of a lay-off necessitated by the non-arrival of materials. It is claimed that he had no reason to be near the derrick and climbed it merely out of curiosity. When the men who saw the accident arrived every evidence of life had left the body. Henderson leaves a wife and two small children.

Special bargains in Summer Lap Robes and Horse Blankets.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

Guy McCoy had business in Kane yesterday.

Miss Pearl Mays is visiting friends in Bradford.

T. R. Lyle spent Sunday with relatives in Kinzua.

Chris Dizel of Port Allegany was in town yesterday.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman is visiting friends at Austin.

Miss Pearl Mays is visiting Bradford friends this week.

Miss Ruth Ovintt visited Mt. Jewett friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Andrews are visiting in Port Allegany.

Mrs. A. L. Youmans is visiting relatives in Westfield, Pa.

Mrs. A. D. Helmer of Port Allegany was in town yesterday.

A. L. Youmans is spending his vacation in New York City.

Elwood Gaskin went to Kane to see the ball game yesterday.

Attorney V. B. Bouton had business in Bradford last Saturday.

Will Fry left Monday for a week's visit with relatives in Buffalo.

Editor Fred Blackman of the Port Allegany Argus was in town Monday.

Lynn Hopper of Belmont, N. Y. visited his parents in town during the week.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman and daughters, Myrtle and Maymo, are in Buffalo, N. Y.

Attorney John Haughney of Eldred was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove and children visited in Bradford Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Cummings and children were Sunday visitors at Bradford.

Miss Florence McLaughlin of Colegrove visited Miss Delva Gerrit this week.

Mrs. James McKean and Mrs. Lottie O'Day were guests of Kane friends this week.

A. W. Mitchell of Parkersburg, W. Va., was visiting in town during the week.

J. J. Klingensmith of Pittsburg is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Geo. L. Michaels.

Miss Alice Taylor and Miss Ida W. Parsons of Philadelphia are guests of Mrs. C. A. Burdick.

Mrs. L. Hopper and daughters returned Saturday from a visit in Angelica and Hornellsville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Blowers of Westfield, N. Y., visited at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Brennan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Spear, daughter and son of Pittsburg are guests at the home of C. Herzog on Center street.

Maj. and Mrs. M. M. McCreight of DuBois and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner of Buffalo were visitors in town Tuesday.

Mrs. A. R. Brayden, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham, returned to her home in Clarenton on Monday.

Pres. B. G. McFall of the McKean league accompanied the Eldred team Tuesday and was an interested spectator at the game.

Miss Mollie King, who has been the guest of W. C. Rennells and family, returned to Smethport Saturday.—Coudersport Democrat.

J. F. Heimer and son, Fred, who have been visiting friends in town for some time, returned to their home in Washington, D. C. on Sunday.

Frank Maltby of Roulette was in town Tuesday for the purpose of taking the teachers' examination. Mr. Maltby, who is a first-class printer, inspected the MINER office during his stay in town.

Mrs. E. B. McCoy left Thursday for Smethport, and on Saturday will leave for Toledo and Shelby, O., where she will spend the next three weeks the guest of friends.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Last of the Season.

The last Pennsylvania Railroad low-rate fifteen-day excursion for the present season from Erie, Rouseville, Corry, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Olean, Rochester, Bradford, Tionesta, Warren, Clermont, DuBois, and principal intermediate stations to Renovo, inclusive, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City, N. J., will be run on August 25.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within fifteen days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets from Erie, Rouseville, Tionesta, Summerdale, Ludlow, and intermediate stations will be good only on train No. 4, leaving Erie at 5:35 p. m., and connecting trains therewith. Tickets from other points good going on all regular trains.

Train leaving Buffalo at 9:00 a. m. will be run through to Atlantic City.

Stop over can be had at Philadelphia either going or returning.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, apply to ticket agents; E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent, Buffalo Division, 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Sale.

A good sized fire-proof safe and a sideboard in good condition. Further information furnished at this office.

Our Fall stock of Guns just in, must be seen to be appreciated. Look now.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

Early arrivals of Autumn Goods are now claiming our attention. They are so much prettier just as they come from the packing cases that we want you to have a look at once.

We've priced things in such an economical way that they will move fast. Be first.

FALL STYLES IN LADIES' NECKWEAR

A collection of exquisite creations awaits you. There's an almost endless variety in Laces, Chiffons, Silks, Japanese Drawn Work, Embd. Turnovers and Wide Collars, etc., prices from 25c to $2.50.

MOULTONE WAISTINGS.

A handsome mercerized cloth with a light fleeced back. Very practical for shirt waists and suits. Light and dark patterns per yd. 25c.

FRY & COMES.

A PLEASING HABIT

of ours is to always keep our stock in such shape that we can supply a customer's wants readily and with the large stock we have on hand we can insure good service in

HARDWARE and BUILDING MATERIALS.

We never let a little effort keep us from pleasing a customer when we know the peculiarities of his wants. Our goods are high grade.

"All Inquiries Promptly Answered."

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

DIAMONDS — WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING :::

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

GREAT BARGAINS.

During the month of August we are offering special prices on all summer goods.

Hats sold at and below cost.

Great Bargains in white shirt waists and dressing sacques.

A few shirt waist suits, just the thing for hot weather, at prices that will surprise you.

Ladies' and Misses' wash skirts from 69c to $1.90.

A large line of wrappers, corsets, underwear, etc.

Headquarters for infants' and children's ready-made clothing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double

When Young Archibald Was Roused

By C. B. LEWIS

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"He is too lazy even to flirt with me!"

It was Miss Hattie Graham, U. S. A., traveling with her father in the east and just at that time at a hotel in Smyrna, who spoke the above words with contempt in every inflection. Six weeks previously they had met young Archibald Weston, son of Sir Wallace Weston, who was also traveling, or, rather, dawdling, over the country. He had been friendly for an Englishman; but, although David Graham was a millionaire and entitled to "Hon." before his name and Miss Hattie was under twenty, handsome, vivacious and an heiress, there hadn't been the slightest attempt even at a flirtation. Young Weston was a good looking fellow of twenty-four and not at all a cad, but it was too much trouble for him to flirt or make love. He was languid, he was lethargic, he was a droner and a dreamer. He would reply, "Aw, yes," and "Aw, no," and now and then "don'cher know," but he would sooner listen than talk and sooner sit in a deck chair, with a pipe in his mouth, and gaze at the moon or at the clouds than to promenade the deck with one of the best looking girls he had ever seen. He said she was, but he said so to himself and yawned after saying it.

Miss Graham was not dinging herself at any man's head, and she wasn't dying for a flirtation, but it was a new thing in her experience to find a man bored with her presence. She could see many good points in the Englishman, but on the whole she had a feeling of contempt and showed it plainly. He on his part took no pains to conceal the fact that he didn't care much what her opinion was. One night while steaming among the islands she was in the mood to speak her mind.

"Mr. Weston, you are young, rich and in good health, and you ought to be making a mark in the world for yourself. Instead of that you are a drone in the hive. Even to live from day to day seems to bore you. Do you think it possible that even an

HE DELIBERATELY HURLED THE STICK AGAINST AT THE BIG ROCK.

earthquake would arouse you from your morbid indifference for ten minutes?"

"Bah Jove, Miss Graham, but I couldn't really say, doncher know," he drawled in reply, thus making the longest speech she had ever heard from his lips.

It happened that young Weston's route was the same as the Grahams', but he did not reach Smyrna with them. He overslept at the hotel at Bondroun and missed the steamer and "happened" to catch one three days later. His arrival at the hotel at last had been carelessly announced to Miss Hattie by her father and had called forth the remark befitting the man and the occasion.

"No, not much hustle to him," replied the father as he looked in a disgusted way at his ill tasting cigar.

"Hustle!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, I'll wager that if he stays in Smyrna for a week he won't move a hundred feet from the hotel. I wish I could bribe a boy to explode a cannon firecracker under his chair."

Had she wagered she would have lost. Three days later, when father and daughter drove out to the foothills of the mountain range to the east to see the tomb of Xerxes or somebody else of equal renown, they were followed in a second carriage by young Weston. True, the scenery had no interest for him, and the flies permitted him to dose most of the way, but he actually got out of the carriage when the tomb was reached and put up his eyeglass to study the epitaph. He did more. He got a lunch basket and a bottle of champagne from his carriage and with a great effort forced himself to say:

"Now then, doncher knaw, luncheon goes with this."

So did something else—something not put up at the hotel and brought along. The three were picking at the luncheon when four Turkish brigands, who had the necessary amount of fleas, dirt and rags to render them romantic, came out of the bushes and made the scoop of the season, two millionaires and a good looking girl and not a shot fired nor a head raised. The vehicles drove off with a great clatter to give the victims the impression that the drivers feared for their lives or liberty, and the captives were ordered to get up and walk. It was all very sudden, and the outlook was a bad one, but instead of hysterics Miss Hattie gave her attention to young Weston. Here was something that ought to arouse him and make good the record of his race, but he was not aroused—that is, he was only aroused enough to remark:

"They might have waited till we had finished our luncheon, bah Jove, but I suppose we'll have to go along with them."

And go they did. Mr. Graham fretted that he had not been prepared for the fellows, but young Weston was undisturbed. Even the brigands, who had gobbled up all sorts and conditions of men before, winked at each other and wondered what sort of fish they had landed this time. We all know how brigands work their rackets. They are out for the money and do not ill treat their captives. A walk of ten miles brought them to a wretched camp among the rocks and trees, and the captured were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The cooking was rude, the fleas plentiful and the demeanor of the brigands anything but high toned, and after a wretched night a palaver was called. The captives couldn't speak the Turkish language, and the brigands couldn't speak the English, but in an hour or two a satisfactory conclusion had been arrived at. It was to be $50,000 for the girl, the same for her father and a like sum for young Weston, all rated A1 and no discount for age, sex or previous condition. Letters were written to the American and English consuls in the city, and as the money could be easily raised it looked as if the captives would be restored after four or five days' detention.

On the second morning of their stay a peasant boy came into camp with a strange burden—strange to him and to the brigands. The contents of the basket were sticks of dynamite, which had in some way been lost on their journey to a marble quarry three or four miles away. The boy had brought this find to be examined and perhaps purchased, but as the brigands knew nothing of the stuff they had no use for it. The four sat around the morning campfire and handled the sticks and wondered over them, and strolling down that way from the huts on higher ground young Weston saw and recognized the dangerous explosive. Not only that, but he took a stick in his hand and sauntered back and said to Mr. Graham:

"Bah Jove, but I've an idea. You and Miss Graham keep within doors for a few minutes."

He turned away before he could be questioned, and walking back to within twenty feet of the fire he deliberately hurled the stick against the big rock at the brigands' backs. There was a flash, a roar, an earthquake, and a quarter of an hour later the dawdling young man opened his eyes to find Graham and his daughter bending over him. He had been hurled a hundred feet, but was only bruised.

"It must have gone off, doncher know," he said as he sat up.

"Yes, it did," replied Graham. "If you meant to wipe those brigands off the face of the earth you've done it, and we all came near going to."

"Bah Jove!"

"Well, Mr. Weston, you have experienced an earthquake," said Miss Hattie, "and can you tell me whether it actually roused you out of yourself?"

"It may have, Miss Graham—it may have, but I'll think the thing over after getting back to town and let you know, doncher know!"

Stage Drivers of Early Days.

Speaking of stage drivers reminds one of the glory of stages, which reached its crowning point when rival lines ran between Sacramento and Virginia City—six magnificent horses to each coach, the coaches the finest possible, the horses caparisoned with every ornament which could be added to enhance their beauty.

The driver, in a bearskin coat and cap, with bearskin gauntlets, was a sovereign in his way. No matter what the grade was, no matter how fierce the blizzard or how deep the snow, he carried things through on schedule time. He cared nothing for snowslides or high water, and his ruling idea was that he must make the station ahead of the opposition line.

In this work there were a dozen men each with a personality of his own and all with a perfect art in their hands and their brains which made them sovereigns, and the locomotive that succeeded them did not very much increase the time which some of them made. Each had his friends, his champions; each was greatest in his sphere among a certain crowd, but they were altogether great. The like of them was never before and never will be again.—Salt Lake Tribune.

The Kaiser In the German States.

Outside Prussia, his own kingdom, the kaiser is, strictly speaking, a foreigner. Should he visit Hamburg he is a foreign guest of the burgomaster, who rules Hamburg as a monarch and is reckoned with the sovereigns of the German states. Similarly whenever the kaiser visits the courts of his allied sovereigns of Bavaria, Wurttemberg, Saxony and so on he is a guest, not a proprietor. His relations with these kings are only those of a chairman toward his fellow directors.

The kaiser only has free entree to the other states in his capacity of commander of the army, and he is able to travel anywhere as a general, but not in Bavaria, where he holds no such command. Bavaria is therefore to all intents and purposes foreign soil to the emperor, though it is included in the German empire.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

THE POSTAL MORGUE

WORK OF THE PUZZLE PROBERS AT THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

Experts at "Blind Reading" Who Can Unravel Riddles of Writing and Addressing That Appear at First to Be Unsolvable Enigmas.

When a letter goes to the dead letter office at Washington it is not necessarily "dead." So far as the ability of the ordinary postoffice official to decipher the address is concerned it is "dead," but there may be a spark of life in it for all that. To resurrect it, to galvanize it into living legibility, to fan into existence the faint essence of life and utility, is the business of the specialists whose long training has made them expert at "blind reading." Many and many a derelict, hopelessly discarded by the puzzle probers of the country's postoffices, finds its way out of the morgue of correspondence and into the hands of the person to whom it was intended to go.

There are just two points of which Uncle Sam's postoffice never loses sight. One is that the letter is meant for some one of the millions of persons in the United States; the other is that it is a religious duty to deliver it. Seldom has the envelope to be opened in order to get a clew not furnished by the attempt at an address on the outside. And seldom could anything be weirder or wider of the mark than most of the addressed missives that find their way to the hands of the readers of riddles who wrestle with them and who are rarely nonplused. Somewhere about the scrawls of the address is a clew, no matter how slender. Practice has resolved the working of these tiny clews by almost a science. If so much as a street and number are given, frequently the letter is forwarded with but little delay on the operating table of these specialists.

Instances have been known even where jokers had addressed letters in cipher and these have promptly reached the addressees. In fact, cipher would be as legible as a top line on a three sheet poster compared with some of the inscriptions on which are exhausted elaborate calculations and ponderous thought before they are discarded as unsolvable. Processes of elimination are resorted to that would discount a Sherlock Holmes who had a life training as a postmaster. Deductions are made that would daunt a builder of logarithms. Horse sense, plain, ordinary reason on logical lines, embracing intentions of senders, allowing for phoneticisms of language and for illiteracy of correspondents, are at the root of many of the revivals into living messages of some of the apparently dead beyond recall.

Perhaps the greatest flood of "blind" letters from abroad come from Italy. For many years after the Italian mail had grown to be one of the greatest in volume that comes to these shores the dead letter experts were troubled. The fly tracks on the envelopes, written with some vile compound that loses identity in the filth of the paper before it has been a day at sea, were riddles of the most impenetrable nature. Gradually, by deduction, these became more intelligible to the experts. Soon they mastered the fact that the average Italian peasant who had a message to send to his kin here wasn't a bit particular where he put the postoffice address. Often the name of the town would get mixed up with the first, second or third patronymic of the addressee, or the street would assume an importance beyond all else on the letter's face. Sometimes, indeed, there wasn't an address on the whole business; the cautious writer would put it inside. All these idiosyncrasies were mastered in time, until it is almost safe to say that a blank envelope would be delivered properly if it bore an Italian stamp.

In the museum of the dead letter office are some trophies to the skill of the "blind reader." These men are proud of their calling and like to get, if possible, the envelopes which were in their day "stickers" to the force. These are framed in an interesting collection for the admiration of visitors to the morgue.

One of these exhibits is a soiled envelope containing three lines of execrable scrawl, the only one of which that is regular in outline is at the bottom, where educated letter writers put the town and state. Above are two lines that look like the aimless rambling of a palsied hand. The bottom screed looks like Digezzo Cuozzo; the rest looks like nothing or anything. Getting down to work at this hieroglyphic exhibit, a glance showed the expert that the bottom was the man's name, as usual, with the cart before the horse, and that it was Cuozzo Digezzo, or something that would sound like that if spoken. Two of the characters in the top line were taken to mean "N. Y." or "N. J.," both being alike to the peasant of Sicily. This much gained, the rest was a puzzle until wise eyes saw a number "20" on the inscription. "Humph! Evidently a town with numbered streets," pursued the investigator. Then "New" came out of the first word. The second looked like Brunell. "Huh!" said the expert, "easy money—New Brunswick." And so it was, New Brunswick, N. J. And there was consequent joy in an Italian-American household.

It is the legible handwriting with the "blind" address that gives the most trouble. For instance, here's one puzzle written in a good round hand and addressed:

An Den Hern Schneider Master,
Petroskie
Pushkat
522 Horton street, Kansas.

"Kansas" was the plain address, and if the writer hadn't spaced his lines as he did a jump would have been made to the "Horton street" part of it. It was addressed to "Petroskie," and there are postoffices by that name in the United States. "Pushkat" was the stumbling block. The "blind readers" had seen letters with that magic word on them before. It meant that the addressees were proud proprietors of mush carts. In this case it was found that "Pushkat" meant Fort Scott, which has a Horton street. The letter was really directed "To the Messrs. Boss Tailors Petroskie, 522 Horton street, Fort Scott, Kansas."

It wasn't a Celt who deciphered the inscription on a letter to "Annie McGillvery, Troury, emschers." The address was in just two lines. Troury was finally resolved into "Troy" and "emschers" into "New Hampshire," whereupon Annie McGillvery got the letter from her mother in Jersey City.

A wag in Greenville, Ky., put a series of hieroglyphics on a letter and thought he'd have the satisfaction of making somebody in the postoffice miserable. The local postmaster gave it up without bothering a minute over it and passed it on to the "dead" people at Washington. The inspector to whom it fell was dazed for a second. The next instant he saw it was a cipher. If there's any cipher system known that has eluded the attention of the department the readers would like to hear of it. This one was at a glance the code used in Poe's story of the "Goldbug," and the letter went back in the next mail to Elmer Hall of Greenville, Ky., who had launched it.

One of the "horse sense" solutions is a letter that fooled the postmaster at Marlin, Tex. It was addressed to "Mr. January Gordon." That much could be deciphered without more than ordinary eyesight. The rest of it was a queer tangle, from which loomed quite plainly "Central collidge" and something that started with "Nash" and merged into a wave line of trills. "Mr. January Gordon, eh?" pondered the reader. "Ah, colored man evidently. Central college? Let's see; where's there a Central college? Oh, yes, Nashville, Tenn., by gum—and it's a college for colored persons, too. Easiest ever." He wasn't guessing. He knew his business.

These are merely samples, and comparatively simple ones at that, of the postal puzzles that come under the eyes of Uncle Sam's experts. But, as pointed out, the specialists at Washington dig out an address if it loiters anywhere about the front, back or inside of the envelope, and they send the letters along with a sureness of aim that is wonderful.—New York Press.

COURTSHIP IN SPAIN.

Little Chance For the Lovers to Learn Each Other's Character.

At about sixteen or seventeen the time of courtship comes to the girl in Spain, who is always kept under close restraint. A young man may take a fancy to a girl at the theater or church, as the case may be. He finds out where she lives and appears under the window of her home. The object of his admiration at first feigns not to see him; then at last she appears from behind the window curtain, while all the family has in the meanwhile taken account of his presence. Then after a few days the young man addresses a note to the lady, which he manages to throw up to the window or to convey to her by some middlepersonage not averse to a bribe. A reply is then sent down from the balcony, and the wooer thus learns that he may join the family in its walks. The mother silently acquiesces in the presence of the follower, although she does not show that she sees him. She soon makes inquiries of her friends about this admirer of her daughter, and if he be found eligible she asks them to arrange a meeting at their house, and thus the acquaintance is put upon a family footing.

After one or two subsequent visits of formality to the girl's home, in which the young man chiefly addresses his conversation to the parents, it becomes an established habit for him to come every day and on Sunday and fete days twice a day to spend the hours seated by the side of the girl. The lovers sit apart in a corner of the room, the girl looking pleased at the pretty things whispered by the young man in her ear as she toys with some tatting or crochet. But as they always play this part in the presence of the girl's relatives the real knowledge of each other's character which might fit them for the battle of life side by side is rarely attained till after marriage.

This constant attendance is not considered an engagement on the part of the young man, for the actual betrothal takes place only a short time before the wedding. The courting may go on in this way for years unless the man cools off and leaves the girl or she dismisses him.

A Singular Bird of South America.

A singular bird of South America, the hoatzin, possesses, when young, claws on its wings, and these are used like the thumb and forefinger of a hand. These young birds move about at will in the tree tops before they can fly. Grasping the boughs with enormous feet and aided by the wing claws and beak, they are expert climbers at a very tender age. But the wing at this time differs in several other remarkable particulars from that of other birds and even from that of the adult condition. Closely examined, it will be found that the hand is conspicuously longer than the forearm and that the thumb is also unusually long. Furthermore, the under surface of the thumb and first finger will be found to resemble those of the human finger, in that they terminate in a fleshy ball, obviously useful for grasping purposes. At this time, then, the wings serve the very unbirdlike function of forelegs, and locomotion is quadrupedal rather than bipedal, and this remains the case until the power of flight is attained. It is believed that these fingers date back to the bird's evolution from the reptile.

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INSURANCE.

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W. F. SPECHT

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Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; R. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tena Raymer, secretary; G. H. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, H. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ARDUSER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keras Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 38, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PRINCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLDEBROKE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania Railroad

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days, 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days, 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:10 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled, parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:33 a. m., Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A M	STATIONS	SOUTH P M
2:20	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:19
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:19	Instanter	11:02
3:20	Smith's Run	10:56
3:29	Wombvale	10:48
3:38	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 18th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Sherman, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Ormsby, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Sherman, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and at Kane with P. & E. div. for Ormsby, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

4:30 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Sherman, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Grimsby, Sherman, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 3:10 and 8:00 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt., Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:30 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.), Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:30 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:05 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:25 p. m.), and Brockwayville (arr. 1:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:05 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:23 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:05 p. m.); Emporium (arr. 7:30 p. m.); Sinnamahoning (arr. 8:05 p. m.).

Trains arrive 9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, Marvin, and Clermont, 12:02 noon.—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean, 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P., 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt.
O. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1904.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Dp A.M.	P.M.	Lv Westward A.M.
8:55	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell	7:27	2:32	9:19
7:46	0	1:57	Carpenter	0	2:34	9:22
7:40	6:38	1:53	Perkins	7:39	2:37	9:26
7:37	6:45	1:50	New'fld Junc	7:37	2:42	9:32
0	0	1:45	Newfield	7:44	2:45	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:40
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:45	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:02	1:12	Fricks	8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudersport	0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp. Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar.	Dp. 8:28	6:00	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond	0	0	0
4:05	7:30	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina	8:37	6:11	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:25	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Ft. Allegany	9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M. P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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A Matter of Encouragement

By Hubert McBean Johnston

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I pulled the sail in a bit and headed her more up into the wind. The breeze had freshened in the last few minutes. Detestable, isn't it, how the wind comes around to keep a fellow busy just when he's reaching an interesting stage? I had my nerve up, and I'm sure if it had kept off another five minutes I'd have had the whole matter arranged. And the worst of it is I don't think Phyllis minded a bit. Really, I believe that girl cares more for good sailing than for—well, for what most girls do. I guess that's why I like her.

"Confound it!" I said it under my breath, but my mouth must have moved.

Phyllis laughed. I really believe the little vixen knew what I was thinking about.

"WHY," I GASPED, "DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?"

She brushed back a luxuriant lock that had somehow strayed across her mouth.

"It is a nasty wind, isn't it?" said she in mock sympathy.

"'An ill wind'"—I quoted, watching her weave the wisp of hair into place.

"And the lucky one this time?" she questioned.

"Your hair," I replied. "If I had as much nerve as that lock you've just put back"— I stopped. Phyllis was looking awfully stern. "Er—that is—you know"—

Phyllis tossed her head.

"If any one else ever ventured"—she began. Then another golden ringlet did the very same thing. Phyllis has the most wonderful hair.

"An answer to your challenge!" I cried. "If it hadn't been for that I'd have"—

Then we both laughed.

"You wouldn't have dared," said Phyllis.

That's just like her. She never throws down the gauntlet unless she's positive I can't pick it up. She knew very well I couldn't leave the tiller.

"Phyllis," I answered, truthfully enough, "there are times when I'd dare anything for just—for just what the hair got. But a man can't take liberties without encouragement like a bit of hair can."

"No," said Phyllis dryly. But she wasn't angry. There was an odd little softness about the corners of her mouth—the most adorable mouth that ever was made—and somehow it seemed to me that her eyes were brighter than usual. It may have been that the fresh sea air was responsible for the color of her cheeks, but I am inclined to doubt it.

"What does a man call encouragement?" she asked quizzically.

But I was not such a goose. I knew very well what she would say about girls who acted that way, so I didn't tell her. Besides, she would have wanted to know how I knew.

"I can't just tell you," I replied. "Most girls seem to know without being told."

Such a whimsical little smile as Phyllis gave me!

"I'm afraid I'm not one of the 'most girls,'" she said. "I'm sure if I only knew"—

"Hello, you two spoons!" shouted a rude, coarse voice right behind us. "Haven't you eyes for any one but yourselves? Here we've been sailing alongside you for the last five minutes and never a look out of either of you."

Darcy Graham can be the most vulgar man in the world when he likes, and Grace Rawshaw is just as bad. I think that must be what attracts them to one another.

"Hello yourselves!" I greeted. "I guess we could have seen you if we'd wanted to very well."

"Nice, amiable man, ain't he?" queried the irrepressible Darcy solicitously. "How do you get along with him, Phyllis? Now, if I were you"— Grace put her hand over his mouth, and I tacked. I really had no desire to hear the rest of it, and I felt certain the misguided chump would finish the sentence if he got half a chance. I don't think Phyllis wanted to hear it either.

"Idiotic beast!" I commented. "I'm glad there was no one around to hear him."

Phyllis was looking very prim.

"So that's the way you feel about it?" she said coldly.

I thought she must be joking. Such a change in front was inconceivable. And the worst of it was I couldn't catch even the suspicion of a laugh in her voice. She was serious as a judge pronouncing a death sentence, and, by Jove, that's just about how it sounded to me.

"Why," I gasped, "did you hear what he said? He called us spoons—you two spoons,' mind you!"

"Well," sniffed Phyllis, "he's only repeating what every one else at the hotel has been saying for the last week. All the difference is that he's not afraid to say it to our faces."

Phyllis looked straight ahead of her and held her chin very high—the dearest, straightest, squarest little chin. There's no nonsense about Phyllis' chin. It's the most honest chin on earth, I think.

"But, dear," I protested, "I don't want people to say that."

The second word slipped out without either of us noticing it. But Phyllis did not seem to be satisfied. She turned her head the other way. Hang it all, anyway, handling a boat handicaps a fellow.

"I don't care about myself, you know, Phyllis, but I don't want them to say that about you. You see, a man's different. You're a girl, and it cuts more odds."

Phyllis turned her head ever so slightly.

"And besides," I went on, "we never did, anyway."

"Merely a lack of proper encouragement, doubtless," said Phyllis icily.

"Not altogether," I objected. "Sometimes a fellow"—

"Doesn't want to," she finished for me. "I see."

There was no help for it. I simply had to. I turned the bow up into the wind and let the sail flap whichever way it wanted. Sitting behind her, I reached around and took her hands.

"Phyllis," I whispered soberly, "it isn't that. You know as well as I do it isn't that."

Phyllis didn't answer. I thought I detected a sob, but I couldn't see her face. She kept it the other way. When I got her head back on my shoulder her eyelashes were a bit wet.

"The hateful thing!" said I.

"The latter was not bred a gentleman."

"Breeding has its disadvantages," I returned gloomily.

"Encouragement is intoxicating to some."

"Yes," said I, "but I have had none."

Phyllis' lips, luscious as the ripest cherry, hung temptingly near. I hesitated and lost. Phyllis buried her face on my coat, and somehow her arm half crept across my shoulder. I thought I heard her whisper something.

"What is it?" I interrupted, bending over to catch the answer.

And then she repeated it.

"I said there were different kinds, Jack," murmured the little rogue.

Would Take No Chance.

A traveling man who had been on a business trip through northern Texas while east of Greenville had occasion to hire a buggy to go across the country, and with the buggy there was thrown in by the livery stable a negro, who, the traveling man says, was about the color of anthracite. The two traveled across the muddy roads for miles upon miles, and all was going well when suddenly the negro rose in the buggy.

"Look a-dah!" he shouted.

The drummer looked barely in time to see an ordinary cottontail rabbit cross the road like a streak of gray. The negro prepared to get out.

"What are you doing?" demanded the drummer, catching at the lines as they fell. The negro got out. Then he carefully turned every one of his ragged pockets inside out, backed up to the place which the cottontail had crossed and walked across the imaginary line backward. Then he climbed into the buggy again.

"Dah," he said, "Ain' gwine let no rabbit gib me no bad luck dis trip. No, sah!"—Galveston Tribune.

Winning His Consent.

"Put yourself in my place, young man. Would you want your only daughter to marry a penniless youth?"

"Put yourself in my place, sir. Would you want to remain a penniless youth when there were rich men's daughters to marry?"

"You confess that you'd marry my child simply for her father's wealth?"

"And you confess that you withhold her from me simply because of my poverty?"

"What other reason do I need?"

"What other reason could influence you?"

"This talk is quite useless."

"Quite."

"We have nothing to gain by it."

"Absolutely nothing."

"You take it philosophically."

"Why shouldn't I? Your daughter and I were quietly married a month ago."

"Good gracious!"

Old Letters.

There is but one thing to do with old love letters—in fact, with all old letters, love or otherwise—and that is to burn them.

Letters are personal: the thoughts, the wishes of the moment. Letters are seldom of historical interest. If so, it is an easy matter to preserve those.

An old letter is seldom of interest while life is granted to the writers, and but a cause of misery after death has claimed either. Should both writer and the one addressed be taken from the world the old letters are either carelessly paraded or left to mold in a corner of the attic.

When a letter—the ordinary letter, which is but an exchange of personal thought, hopes or dreams—is answered it is time to burn it. It will then never be read by curious eyes nor will it serve as a bitter suggestion of a happier past.—Pittsburg Press.

TYING KNOTS IN JAPAN.

It Is a Serious Art, as a Mistake May Mean an Insult.

Like the arranging of flowers, the tying of knots has been carried to the point of a complex art by the Japanese. There is one way—one right way, that is—to knot the cord that confines a birthday or New Year's present. There is one way to tie the brocade bag of the tea jar when the latter is empty and another when it is full. Not only general ignorance of social customs but deadly insults may be communicated by the way a knot is tied, foreigners often making dreadful mistakes either through not knowing or from ignoring the niceties of knot etiquette.

Hooks and eyes, buttons and buckles are unknown so far as Japanese dress is concerned. They do not have much to fasten, but what they do have they fasten with cord. That is why they have carried the tying of cord so far. The Japanese have hundreds of ornamental knots, some of them so old that they antedate written history.

Japanese children are taught to make knots just as they are taught to write and draw. All sorts of flower and animal forms are copied. There is the chrysanthemum knot, the iris knot, plum blossom, pine tree and cherry blossom knots. There is a stork knot, a turtle knot, a knot named for the sacred mountain Fujiyama. An easy Knot is called the "old man's knot." There is also an "old woman's knot."

THE PARISIAN LUNCH.

A Substantial Meal Served in the Middle of the Day.

Noon or 12:30 is the universal hour for the strictly Parisian lunch, which commences with "hors d'oeuvres," appetizers eaten with butter, the only time butter is ever served on a French table.

The endless variety of hors d'oeuvres would fill a volume—sardines, shrimps, radishes. Tiny salads of every description are included among them.

An egg or fish course follows, and the various ways in which both are cooked would fill a volume. Next the entrée—veal, mutton, kidneys or veal cutlets, accompanied by vegetable or salad. Then follows the roast—with fowl, game or salad. If a salad is the accompaniment then some vegetable is served. It is a single course never mixed, and with it fruit of some kind for the dessert. Between the salad and cheese comes a sweet dish, an "entremets," consisting of a custard, cream, tart or the like, is often served, but cheese and fruit are usually allowed the honors of the ordinary average luncheon dessert topped off with a good cup of coffee and a tiny glass of some liqueur.—What to Eat.

How Sea Birds Get a Drink.

"When I was a cabin boy," said an elderly sailor, "I often used to wonder, seein' birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they done for fresh water when they got thirsty.

"One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glitterin' day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of the empty space over a hundred sea birds came dartin' from every direction. They got under the rain cloud and they waited there for about ten minutes, circlin' round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill.

"In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinkin' water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles, maybe, to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them goin'."—Portland Oregonian.

Oxford Training.

The average citizen, if asked what was taught at Oxford, would probably reply, "Useless learning." And in many ways it is a true answer, for its aim is not to turn out doctors, lawyers and merchants, ready made, but men with carefully trained minds, fitted not for this or that profession, but for the whole conduct of life. It is contended that such a man will insensibly take a wider view of his subject than the specialist, for he approaches it from a different standpoint.—London Outlook.

Good Living In China.

An English surgeon at Hongkong writes that "all Chinamen eat fish and pork at morning and evening meals. Fowls and ducks are always on the table of all but the most humble of the cooly class, and they do not have them because they cannot afford them. I hope this will be a sufficient answer to those who maintain that Chinamen live on rice. It is not nearly so true as that the Scotch live on porridge."

A Simple Question.

"May a man marry his widow's sister?" was a question I heard put to a prominent lawyer.

"Certainly he may," was the reply without a moment's hesitation. Then the lawyer had another think coming.—Albany Journal.

Seer.

"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," said the seer.

The man told him what he ate.

"You're a blanked fool!" said the seer.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the man.—Puck.

At First Sight.

"Did he fall in love at first sight?"

"Yes. First sight of her bank account."—Princeton Tiger.

Last of the Twelve

By Lucy E. Hampton

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"Come in."

Elizabeth's voice came from somewhere near the fireplace and was so faint and lacking in enthusiasm that I hesitated where I stood in the doorway. The room was dark excepting for the firelight, which threw a ray across Elizabeth's face as she came smilingly forward to greet me.

"If you were any one else, I wouldn't be a bit glad to see you, Dick," she began, "because I'm most terribly unpleasant tonight. You don't mind not having the lights, do you? I'm so much more comfortable to be miserable in the dark, don't you think so?"

"Oh, come! What's the trouble? This cheerful fire is too cozy to have anything like unhappiness near. Tell your oldest counselor what's gone wrong today, won't you?"

"No, because you will only laugh, and I don't feel like being laughed at tonight." A smile came in spite of her effort to hide it, and then a sigh.

"It's strange you should have forgotten it, Dick, when you always do remember it. Oh, I mean my birthday. If you can't guess, you know, Dick, tomorrow is the 8th."

"By Jove, little girl, so it is! But I would have remembered, of course. Have I ever forgotten?"

She smiled again and leaned toward me.

"You know I don't mean about the roses. You'd never forget them, I believe, if I lived to have a thousand birthdays. It's always very sweet of you too."

I must explain that ever since Elizabeth was a graceful little fairy of twelve, and I an ardent admirer of—well, several years her senior, I had sent her a bunch of American Beauties, her favorite flower, one for every year she was old on each birthday.

"Let's see, how many is it this time—twenty-three, twenty-four. Why, Bess, it will be an even two dozen this time, won't it?"

"Hush—hush—don't tell—will you? That's what I meant awhile ago about your not remembering. I hope when I keep getting older and older some time you may forget just how many years old I am. I'm ashamed even now to have any one know I'm so ancient. I can trust you not to tell, I know."

She was so serious I did not dare to smile, so I sat wondering just how long this mood of hers would last. Usually she finds it hard to be serious longer than five minutes at a time. As she sat there, her bright head in the shadow, her eyes half closed to conceal something she did not care to have me see, I know—whether mischief or something really serious I couldn't tell—I couldn't help thinking, well, of many things I have no right to think since one winter several years ago when Elizabeth decided we were to be only friends, but the very best friends that ever were. And so we are.

"You don't know how terrible it is, Dick, to be a girl and to have a twenty-fourth birthday so near. Don't laugh. Aunt Alice says she believes I am going to be an old maid."

In spite of her warning I had to laugh now, trying to think of her as an old maid—Elizabeth the beautiful, as she was called; Elizabeth the beloved of all who ever knew her; Elizabeth the envied of all the girls, and Elizabeth as an old maid.

My mirth received a check when she remarked next in the most cheerful way:

"Mr. Herrington was here last night."

Another silence, not so pleasant as the last. I do not like Mr. Herrington, and Elizabeth's Aunt Alice does. Besides, Mr. Herrington is considered very desirable. He is rich, he is well liked—by mothers and aunts at least, though I am frank to say I do not know why exactly—and he is very fond of Elizabeth. For this I admire his taste, but it does not tend to make me noticeably fond of him.

"Poor old duffer! Did he—er—propose again for the third and last time, eh, Bess?"

"He isn't so old, and you don't need to call him names, Richard Wells! He doesn't need so much sympathy either, perhaps!" She flashed a look at me and drew herself up in such a haughty manner that I immediately subsided. What did she mean? Surely she—she couldn't have—

It was my turn to be serious now.

"Please, Elizabeth," I began—"please look at me and tell me you refused that man for the last time. You know you cannot love him."

"Why, you see—well, I—I'm ashamed to tell you what I have been thinking. I don't care enough for him to marry him, I'm afraid. But he happened to be the last—well, I'll call him the last of twelve."

"The last of twelve what?" I demanded. "You don't mean to tell me, Elizabeth Denton, that you have had twelve separate and distinct lovers in your short life of twenty-four years?"

"Most of them did not count, they were so long ago; but they were just as serious as the others while they lasted. You can't guess who was my first lover, Dick, Billy Trenton! He proposed to me one night at a party. I was only fourteen, I think. I remember we had some sort of games, and in one of them he chose me as the one he loved best, and afterward came the declaration in the conservatory. Only a short time after this Cousin Frank proposed. You never knew he was one of my old lovers, did you? He was very desperate for a month or so and vowed he would die if I refused him. Then he met Grace, and I was forgotten."

"Well, who came next?" I was getting interested.

"The college boys, I believe. You know a girl was not considered at all popular in college there in the west unless she had at least one proposal a year."

"You were there a year, as I remember," I interrupted, "and you averaged how many?"

"Only two, and lots of the girls had four and five. With Billy and Frank, the two at college made four, and not one counts so far, you see."

"Just when and where did they begin to count, may I ask?"

She ignores my question as she comes to the fifth on her list.

"I had almost forgotten the cousin who visited Grace the winter after I came home from school. He was so funny. He must have proposed to every girl he met that winter, and I came in with the rest. Let me see, who was next? Oh, the doctor, and he really did count, for he was a 'big man,' and—I liked him."

She waited so long to continue her story that I grew impatient.

"Do go on," I entreated. "You see, we have had only one that 'counted' so far."

"Well, we went to the mountains for the summer; the loneliest place—no one around, excepting two men and one of them was a semi-invalid. It was the moonlight nights and—and—there were no other girls there."

Elizabeth looks so innocent and free from guile when she is pleading her own cause that I find it rather hard to scold her now. But I hold up eight accusing fingers.

"The next? Now who was next? That winter I stayed at home and learned all sorts of sensible things. Was it that winter Alan used to come? And, why, Dick, it was that winter that you proposed!"

Just then one of the logs broke and a piece flew out on the rug. I stooped to pick it up, and raising my head suddenly was surprised to see Elizabeth's cheeks a bright pink.

"No one would ever think to see us now that we—that"—

"That I was ever madly and hopelessly in love with you," I finish.

"You acted very foolishly about Alan. I never understood why you should have insisted that I was in love with him, because I wasn't with you."

No reply. So we both went on looking into the fire as though we expected to find some answer there. Presently she turned with one of her quick little gestures and laid her hand on my arm.

"What a good old friend you have been, Dicky, in spite of all I have done to hurt you. I often wonder if you are as glad as I that we are such good friends."

As I look into the dear face I had loved, and would go on loving until the end of time, and thought what it would mean to me not to have the privilege of being her "comrade," even though I longed to be something more than that, it was not hard to tell her that I found it my greatest joy to be considered her "best friend."

"So that is why I wanted to talk to you of Mr. Herrington," she continued. "He is the twelfth and—yes, the last of them all."

"But why the last? Why not wait until No. 13 appears?"

"The unlucky thirteenth? Never! Seriously, Dick, I am getting far too old to wait much longer. Mr. Herrington is very nice, and I'll never marry for love, I feel sure, so why not make up my mind to accept him? Dick, you aren't listening to a word I'm saying."

I drew my chair close beside hers.

"I have been thinking out a plan to help you, if you care to hear it." She nodded her head eagerly.

"It's this: To save yourself—er—from the last of the twelve or the possible unlucky thirteenth why not go back and accept one of the others—for instance"—

Her hand lay so temptingly near that I reached over and took it between both of mine.

"For instance, Elizabeth—me! No, don't think I'm not in earnest, dear. You don't love me, I know, but you like me better than—Mr.—than No. 12, don't you, dear? And I—well, the fact is, Bess, I never got over that little case of love I had for you long ago. Oh, dear little girl, did you think I could? I love you; I can't help it, and—look at me, Elizabeth, dearest—couldn't you care enough to let me save you from the last of the twelve?"

By the light from the log I had thought burned out, but which leaped into a flame and threw its brightness right over the face I wanted to see, I caught a light in Elizabeth's eyes that I never hoped to find there. What she said was—well, I am afraid Mr. Herrington's hopes will be gone forever when he knows about it.

Was She Complimented?

A certain literary woman, feeling herself under an obligation to a very eminent authoress and wishing to show her appreciation, bought a box of candy, meaning to present it to the novelist at the earliest opportunity. On the same shopping excursion she bought herself a box of tooth powder, the two purchases making packages of similar size and appearance. Then she sought out her benefactress.

"Have you a sweet tooth?" she inquired and presented one of the neatly wrapped purchases. The offering was accepted gracefully, and the donor departed, much gratified at the accomplishment of her act of recognition. When she got home she unwrapped her remaining package to try the new tooth powder. Removing the last piece of wrapping paper, she read on the box cover, "—— Chocolate Bonbons—Extra Quality."—Harper's Weekly.

VEGETARIANISM.

A Theory That Has Been Maintained From the Earliest Days.

From the earliest days vegetarians have maintained that fruit and vegetables are the proper food for mankind, and in ancient times such leaders of thought as Plato, Pythagoras, Empedocles and Plutarch can be counted among the advocates of this doctrine.

It is in this connection that we find Virgil singing the praises of a natural diet apart from the use of flesh:

Soft chestnuts we possess
And apples ripe, with store of curdled cream.

Still more to the point are his words in the Second Georgic at the close of a vivid description of the joys of a golden age:

Before the reign
Of the Dictæan king, before the days
When on shaln bullocks fed an impious race.

This further rendering from Latin poetry proclaims the same primeval teaching:

Forbear, O mortals, to taint your bodies with forbidden food.
Earth is lavish of her riches and teems with kindly stores.
Provides without slaughter or bloodshed all delicacies.

DUCKS AND THUNDER.

The Possible Origin of an Ancient English Expression.

The phrase, "like a dying duck in a thunderstorm," probably originated in the peculiar susceptibility exhibited by these birds to electrical disturbances. They hang their heads at such times and turn up their eyes in the most comically pathetic fashion, giving a faint die-away quack now and again, as though they had quite made up their minds that their last hour had come, but were resigned. They are thus precisely typical of people whose submission, more or less forced, is made mainly with an eye to effect.

This susceptibility seems to be inherent in ducks, for their eggs in course of hatching are spoiled by a thunderstorm when hens' eggs escape.

It is worth noting in this connection that Shakespeare in "Timon of Athens" says: "We, poor ducks, stand on this dying deck." It is just possible that this may be the real origin of the phrase, as it refers to the sinking of a ship during a thunderstorm, and deck may have been carelessly recast as duck.—London Answers.

MARINE TURBINES.

They Date Back to the Time of Hero of Alexandria.

In turbine steamers there is a marked absence of vibration, while the position low in the hull of the machinery gives great stability and in men-of-war makes better protection possible and affords facilities in maneuvering.

The practical advantages of turbines are many. They reduce the oil bill considerably and, while they occupy less floor and cubic space are simple in construction and operation.

In a turbine there is nothing to wear out. The only parts subjected to friction are the bearings at the extremities of the spindle, but these run in oil and after years of constant service show no wear. Parsons' turbine plants of 400 horsepower and 1,800 horsepower, which have been driving electric generators for years, have not yet cost a penny for repairs.

The steam turbine dates back to 120 B. C., when Hero of Alexandria described it in his book on pneumatics.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Priest of the Springs.

A politician upon his arrival at a certain small town where he was to make a speech the following day found that the two so called hotels were crowded to the doors. Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could. He was compelled for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the statesman is a fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"Well," asked a friend, when the politician appeared in the dining room in the morning, "how did you sleep?"

"Oh, fairly well," replied the statesman nonchalantly, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."—Youth's Companion.

A Bottomless Lake in Sweden.

In Thomas Nashe's "Terrors of the Night," published in 1594, he says that Lake Wetter, Sweden, is bottomless. He also tells other peculiar things respecting it. "Over it no fowle flies but is frozen to death nor unle mann pass but is mummed like a statue of marble. Awle ye inhabitants around about it are deafened with ye hideous roar of hits waters when out of its midst as out of Mont Gibell a sulphurous, stinking sneak issues that well nie poysons ye whole countrie about."

Act In the Present.

Be not anxious about tomorrow. Do today's duty. Fight today's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand. If you saw them. Enough for you that God is just and merciful and will reward every man according to his work.—Charles Kingsley.

Human Nature.

It is constantly said that human nature is heartless. Do not believe it. Human nature is kind and generous, but it is narrow and blind and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels.

When trouble goes hunting him a man may dodge it, but when a man goes hunting trouble it hasn't one chance in a thousand of escaping him.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

An Order of the Court

By HOWARD FIELDING

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A DOT of red which seemed to be pasted like a wafer on the black darkness at the southern end of the veranda bore witness that my landlord was enjoying his single hour of leisure in all the twenty-four—between 11 o'clock and midnight. The sight was gratifying. I had feared that the chill of the evening might have driven him to some inaccessible warm corner of the house, and that I should miss the pleasure of taking a yarn of his to bed with me.

Prudently pausing at the foot of the steps, I lighted a cigar of my own in order to escape smoking one of his, and then I took a seat beside him and tilted my chair against the clapboards.

"When you were marshal of Circle City," said I, and left the rest to him.

He chuckled softly, and then there was a silence while he pretended to be waiting for an inspiration. In reality he had prepared his story, as I knew as soon as he began to speak. Even a genius like Peter Conley will trip over his introduction unless he has thought it out in advance.

"When I was marshal of Circle City," said he, "there was a real estate ring that ran the whole town, and a crooked old billygoat named George Warren ran the gang. One day Sam Cleve, who was Warren's most confidential agent, came to me and said that he wanted me to look up a young fellow that had dropped into town a couple of days before and was stopping at the Gladstone hotel.

"'We suspect that he's a lawyer from Topeka,' said Cleve, 'and that he's got legal papers to serve on Mr. Warren in the Creamer case.'

"I put a couple of my men on the hunt, and they reported in the course of the afternoon that the tip was straight. The man at the Gladstone was Byron Willett of Topeka, and he had brought an order of court that was intended to stop Warren in a mighty important matter.

"When I had heard the facts I strolled around to Warren's house and found one of the old man's most trusted servants sitting under a tree in the front yard with a Winchester across his knees. He wasn't very cordial even to me, and you can bet that no stranger could have so much as leaned against the gatepost without getting perforated.

"Warren himself was stowed away in the room where he usually lay low when a process server was on his trail, and he seemed to be particularly sore about this present affair.

"'Jim Creamer is trying to stop me from putting up a gas house opposite his property,' said he. 'The yellow dog is bound to hold on to it, and he's got an injunction from some fool judge in Topeka. Now, we've got to have that piece of real estate, and we've got to have it at our own terms. It ought to be understood in this town that I fix the value of property, and I've let Jim Creamer know what his figure is. It's $6,500, and that settles the matter.'

"At a fair valuation Creamer's property was worth about $20,000, but Warren had him surrounded and could put up all kinds of objectionable buildings on the adjacent lots.

"Pretty tough, you'll say; but that was no business of mine. Warren had

HE WAS SITTING WITH A WINCHESTER ACROSS HIS KNEES.

put me and the party into office, and another election was coming along.

"'Well, Mr. Warren,' says I, 'what do you want me to do about it?'

"'You get that document away from Willett,' says he, 'and you do it without violence. I don't want this man laid up. I've got a notion that I'd like to have a talk with him before he goes back to Topeka. They say he's the slickest young lawyer in the state, and it's likely we may want him. Our operations are spreading out, and we can use good men in various parts of the state. Now, it's up to you, Conley,' says he in conclusion. 'I want to see this cuss personally, and you've got to make him safe.'

"I says, 'All right, Mr. Warren,' and then I went back to the central police station to think it over.

"Within a few minutes I got a note from Warren in which he said that he'd made up his mind to have a talk with Willett the next afternoon at 4 o'clock. 'I've sent him word to that effect,' runs the note, 'and you must get his papers away from him before that time.'

"Later I got another note which said that Willett had refused to go to Warren's house for fear he'd be handled rough and that Warren was going to call at the hotel. This gave me a good idea of Willett as a prudent and far-seeing man, and it also showed me how set Warren was on having the interview.

"You'll say right away that this complicated the job because Warren might be served with the papers while on the way to the hotel by some pal of Willett's. But that was easily enough managed. Between 12 and 1 o'clock that night Warren went down to the Gladstone, going in by the way of the kitchen and up the back stairs to the room that had been engaged for him.

"Between that time and daybreak I had one of my men crawl into Willett's

"THE DOOR OPENED, AND IN WALKED WILLETT."

room from the fire escape and mouse around a bit, but he didn't find anything and nighty near got shot. So the matter stood square the next morning, with no advantage on either side.

"About 9 o'clock Willett started out for a walk, as he always did, and I and three of my men immediately began a hunt. We had been in the room next to his and had bored some holes through the partition so that we could see if he hid the document anywhere or went to look at it in its hiding place. Nothing of that kind had happened, but I had formed a few dim suspicions. While the man was dressing I made up my mind that the document was in his coat pocket, and when he was eating breakfast—which he ordered up—I noticed that he was busy sealing up a lot of letters which he had written the night before. Now about that time he made some rather slick motions, and it was a question whether he hadn't taken the document out of his pocket and put it into one of the letters, which were all in big envelopes. I didn't see him do it, but I had a feeling about it. If those were straight letters and not fakes, why didn't he take them out to the mail instead of leaving them in the basket on the table?

"When we got into his room, I went for those letters the first thing, while my men divided the place into sections and began the most almighty particular hunt that anybody ever saw. I opened the letters, one by one, very carefully, because if the document was there I wanted to get it in such a way that he wouldn't know it was gone. The job of opening and closing the letters took me nearly an hour, and the document wasn't there after all. My men hadn't found any signs of it, but they hadn't half finished, for you must understand that it was a big room with a lot of stuff in it, and we were dealing with it a piece at a time, as a man handles a pack of cards when he suspects that they're marked.

"In the midst of it the door opened, and in walked Willett, which was a great surprise to us, for we had set a lookout and had arranged a plan to stop him, though, as a matter of fact, we didn't expect him back, and so I suppose our sentinel went and took a drink and the gentleman from Topeka slipped by.

"'Well, upon my soul!' says he, reaching for his gun. 'What are you all doing here?'

"'Mr. Willett,' says I, tapping my badge, 'this is our lawful duty, and, though painful, we must do it. I'm the city marshal, so there's no occasion for you to draw iron. Ten silver spoons have been missed in this house, and one of the dining room help is suspected. For the sake of that poor girl's good name,' says I, 'we've got to make a search.'

"'Ten silver grandmothers!' yells Willett. 'We'll see about this!' And he began to give me quite some language of one kind and another, especially after he noticed that I'd been fooling with his letters. 'The proprietor,' says he, 'won't stand for this.'

"'You go ask him,' I suggested.

"John Fynes, who ran the Gladstone, knew that Warren and his gang were back of the game, though he didn't know just what the game was. However, as Warren owned the hotel property and held a mortgage on the body and soul of Fynes, the exact nature of the business didn't cut much of a figure.

"Willett stalked away to see Fynes, and he didn't come back. What story the landlord threw into him I don't know, but it was good. Willett left the house in a tearing rage, and a couple of my men shadowed him. By and by one of them came back and reported to me that the gentleman from Topeka had called on a girl—a right nice girl he said she was—who was visiting some relatives in our city.

"'It seems he's engaged to her,' says my man.

"Meanwhile we'd taken that room all to pieces and put it together again, but it hadn't done us any good. It seemed likely to me that Willett had the paper on him. Of course we'd thought that probable from the start and had made our arrangements accordingly. As he was on his way back to the hotel about half past 2 my men arrested him on suspicion of being implicated in the matter of the spoons, and they took him to the station house, where he was searched from crown to heel. But he didn't have the paper.

"Well, of course that made the game clear. Willett had given the court order to somebody else, perhaps to the girl or one of her relatives, who was to call at the room after Warren got in there and serve the document on him. So I said to Warren: 'It's all right. My men will arrest anybody that comes on to this floor during your interview, and I'll be right outside the door as a last line of defense.'

"This was after we'd released Willett with our apologies for suspecting him in the affair of the spoons. One of my men walked on each side of him all the way from the station to the hotel.

"It was just 4 o'clock when he arrived, so mad that his face was a picture of premeditated murder. In fact, he tried to hit me as he went by me into his room, but I was under orders and avoided violence.

"Warren was on hand promptly, and, after a word of praise and another of caution addressed to me at the door, he went along in.

"I was feeling pretty chipper. It was a moral sure thing that Willett didn't have a harmful document on his clothes and a double sure thing that it wasn't in the room. Moreover, I had arranged so that it couldn't get in by any possible way.

"In about a minute Warren came to the door and called me in. 'You've got him crazy!' he whispers. 'It's all right.'

"So it was. And I meant that it should stay that way. Calling me into the room looked like a trick of Willett's, and therefore I set my back against the door and had a gun very handy.

"'Marshal,' says Willett, 'you've been making some serious accusations against me, and now it's my turn. I charge you with stealing a letter from my table.'

"'Not guilty,' says I. 'And then, 'Do you happen to know how many there were?'

"'Ten,' says he.

"I had thought he'd add one and try to stick me for the eleventh which had never existed.

"'There's but nine now,' says he and began to count 'em.

"By jiminoddy, there were eleven, and before we could stir he'd ripped

SERVING WARREN WITH THE INJUNCTION.

the last one open and had served Warren with the injunction that was inside it.

"'You think you're pretty smart,' said he to me, 'but you're a back eyeber. What you don't know would be a liberal education. I fixed those letters up for you. I knew you'd get into my room and hunt high and low. I knew you'd open the letters first. So I gave you time to do it and seal 'em all up, and then I came back here with another just like 'em in my sleeve. While I was chinning with you I dropped the letter into the basket where you'd already searched. Savez? Now you can go back to your cage.'

"'Mr. Willett,' says Warren, 'I'm surprised that a lawyer of the bar of our state should descend to such disgraceful trickery, and in order that you may not be tempted again I'm going to hire you to work for an honest man—me.'

"'You can't bribe me to be false to my client, Mr. Creamer,' says Willett firmly. 'But in any other little matter of business,' says he, 'I'm a practicing attorney and the man for your money.'"

A Hint From the Baron.

Upon a client complaining to Baron Rothschild that he had lent 10,000 francs to a person who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt the baron said:

"Well, write to him and tell him to send you the 50,000 francs he owes you."

"But he only owes me 10,000," objected the other.

"Precisely," rejoined the baron, "and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgment of it."

Picture Books For Foreigners.

Picture books for the benefit of travelers are kept in the Paris police stations. It frequently occurs that foreigners lose things which they are unable to describe, because of unfamiliarity with the French language. The picture books contain representations of various articles, and the inquirer has only to turn the leaves and point out the illustration which most resembles the property he has lost.

Considerate.

"I can't imagine how you can dislike work. To me it's real enjoyment," said the father to his lazy son.

"Yes, father," was the gulleless response, "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

Benefit of Pensions.

"England pensions her authors."

"Well, that's wise. Pensions, you know, make authors get lazy and quit writing."—Indianapolis Journal.

A TRUTHFUL INDIAN.

He Didn't Get Tired Like the Rest, For a Very Good Reason.

Clement Scott, the English dramatic critic, took a profound interest in the American Indian. He had at his tongue's tip a hundred incidents wherewith to illustrate odd phases of the Indian's character.

"There was a farmer in the west who was hard put to it for help upon his farm. Indians were plentiful in the neighborhood, but they were poor workmen. Always tired, they would put down the hoe or rake as soon as the master's back was turned, and, selecting a cool spot, they would lie down on the grass and sleep the day away.

"But one morning a very tall, robust Indian asked the farmer to give him work.

"'No,' said the white man, 'you will get tired. You Indians are always getting tired.'

"'Oh, no,' said the other. 'This Injun never get tired. This Injun not like the rest.'

"'Well, I'll try you,' said the farmer, and he engaged the man. He put him to work in a wheatfield; then he went away for an hour or two. When he returned he found the Indian asleep under a tree.

"'Here, wake up here,' he cried. 'You told me you never got tired.'

"'Ugh,' said the other, yawning, 'this Injun don't. But if he not lie down often he would get tired just the same as the rest.'"

A THRILLING SHOT.

An Incident In a German Performance of "William Tell."

When a performance of the drama "William Tell" was given at a certain German theater it was announced that the stage effects in the play were extremely fine and that the scene where Tell's splendid marksmanship was made apparent would astonish every one. The audience waited as patiently as they could until that scene and were certainly astonished.

The scene arrived where Tell was to shoot the apple from his devoted son's head, and the apple and Tell's crossbow were connected by an invisible wire, along which the arrow was to speed to the target.

At the proper cue the arrow did speed halfway toward the apple and there stuck, to all appearance in midair. In vain did the doughty Tell shake his bow to carry the arrow to its mark. The son of Tell looked very frightened and didn't know what was happening.

The apple, firmly fixed on his youthful cranium, was bobbing about, the audience was laughing, and the laugh burst into a roar when one of Gessler's guards took in the situation and, coming forward from his position at the side of young Tell, calmly gave the arrow a smart rap with his spear, when it sped on its way and buried itself in the apple on the boy's head.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 20, 1904:

Miss L. Baker, Nottie Beers, Miss Ollie Brechell, Miss Mayme Case, Miss Minnie Hill, Miss Alice Olson 4.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

$62 Buffalo to San Francisco.

Account triennial conclave Knights Templar and Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. Tickets on sale August 15th to September 9th, good returning until October 28, 1904. This rate, in connection with the excellent service offered, makes the Nickel Plate road a favorite route. For particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Round-Trip Rate to San Francisco

Via the Nickel Plate road. Tickets on sale August 15th to September 9th, at rate of $62.00 Buffalo to San Francisco and return. Liberal arrangements for stop over. Tickets good returning until October 28, 1904. Get full particulars from local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holalc, N. Y.

Special Low Rates to St. Louis.

Permitting stop off at Chicago without additional cost. For full particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

$14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good Seven days. See Local Agents, or Write R. E. Payne General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

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apply not only to the man with the broken nose, but apply as far as we're concerned to the PLUMBING business as well. Look at the plumbing of a house of a few years and compare it with plumbing of a house we've recently done. At every turn there's a new feature and what's more the new work is entirely sanitary. Its a risk to let your old plumbing stand as it is. We'd like to figure with you on the "new features" in the business and save sickness and doctor bills.

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

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